

Spirit

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.]

BOSTON, MARCH 1, 1831.

[VOL. 5, No. 11.]

THE TURNED HEAD.

FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

HYPPOCHONDRIASIS, Janus-like, has two faces—a melancholy and a laughable one. The former, though oftener seen in actual life, does not present itself so frequently to the notice of the medical practitioner as the latter; though, in point of fact, one as imperatively calls for his interference as the other. It may be safely asserted, that a permanently morbid mood of mind invariably indicates a disordered state of some part or other of the physical system; and which of the two forms of hypochondria will manifest itself in a particular case, depends altogether upon the mental idiosyncrasy of the patient. Those of a dull, phlegmatic temperament, unstirred by intermixture and collision with the bustling activities of life, addicted to sombrous trains of reflection, and, by a kind of sympathy, always looking on the gloomy side of things, generally sink, at some period or other of their lives, into the "slough of despond"—as old Bunyan significantly terms it—from whence they are seldom altogether extricated. Religious enthusiasts constitute by far the largest portion of those afflicted with this species of hypochondria—instance the wretched Cowper; and such I have never known entirely disabused of these dreadful fantasies. Those, again, of a gay and lively fancy, ardent temperament,

and droll, grotesque appetencies, exhibit the laughable aspect of hypochondriasis. In such, you may expect conceits of the most astounding absurdity that could possibly take possession of the topsyturviéd intellects of a confirmed lunatic; and persisted in with a pertinacity—a dogged defiance of evidence to the contrary—which is itself as exquisitely ludicrous, as distressing and provoking. There is generally preserved an amazing *consistency* in the delusion, in spite of the incipient rebuttals of sensation. In short, when once a crotchet, of such a sort as that hereafter mentioned, is fairly entertained in the fancy, the patient *will* not let it go! It is cases of this kind which baffle the adroitest medical tactician. For my own part, I have had to deal with several during the course of my practice, which, if described coolly and faithfully on paper, would appear preposterously incredible to a non-professional reader. Such may possibly be the fate of the following. I have given it with a minuteness of detail, in several parts, which I think is warranted, by the interesting nature of the case, by the rarity of such narratives,—and, above all, by the peculiar character and talents of the well-known individual who is the patient; and I am convinced that no one would laugh more heartily

over it than he himself—had he not long lain quiet in his grave!

You could scarcely look on N— without laughing. There was a sorry sort of humorous expression in his odd and ugly features, which suggested to you the idea that he was always struggling to repel some joyous emotion or other, with painful effort. There was the rich light of intellect in his eye, which was dark and full—you felt when its glance was settled upon you;—and there it remained concentrated at the expense of all the other features;—in the clumsy osseous ridge of eye-bone impending sullenly over his eyes—the Pitt-like nose, looking like a finger and thumb full of dough drawn out from the plastic mass, with two ill-formed holes inserted in the bulbous extremity—and his large liquorish, shapeless lips—looked altogether anything but refined or intellectual. He was a man of fortune—an obstinate bachelor—and was educated at Cambridge, where he attained considerable distinction; and at the period of his introduction to the reader, was in his thirty-eighth or fortieth year. If I were to mention his name, it would recall to the literary reader many excellent, and some admirable portions of literature, for the perusal of which he has to thank N—. The prevailing complexion of his mind was sombrous—but played on, occasionally, by an arch-humorous fancy, flinging its rays of fun and drollery over the dark surface, like moonbeams on midnight waters. I do believe he considered it sinful to smile! There was a puckering up of the corner of the mouth, and a forced corrugation of the eyebrows—the expression of which was set at nought by the conviviality—the solemn drollery of the eyes. You saw Momus leering out of every glance of them! He said many very witty things in conversation, and had a knack of uttering the quaintest conceits with something like a whine of compunction in his

tone, which ensured him roars of laughter. As for his own laugh—when he *did* laugh—there is no describing it—short, sudden, unexpected was it, like a flash of powder in the dark. Not a trace of real merriment lingered on his features an instant after the noise had ceased. You began to doubt whether he had laughed at all, and to look about to see where the explosion came from. Except on such rare occasions of forgetfulness on his part, his demeanor was very calm and quiet. He loved to get a man who would come and sit with him all the evening, smoking, and sipping wine in cloudy silence. He could not endure bustle or obstreperousness; and when he did unfortunately fall foul of a son of noise, as soon as he had had “a sample of his quality,” he would abruptly rise and take his leave, saying, in a querulous tone, like that of a sick child, “I’ll go!” [probably these two words will at once recall him to the memory of more than one of my readers]—and he was as good as his word; for all his acquaintances—and I among the number—knew his eccentricities, and excused them.

Such was the man—at least as to the more prominent points of his character—whose chattering black servant presented himself hastily to my notice one morning, as I was standing on my door-steps, pondering the probabilities of wet or fine for the day. He spoke in such a spluttering tone of trepidation, that it was some time before I could conjecture what was the matter. At length I distinguished something like the words, “Oh, Docta, Docta, com-a, and see-a a Massa! Com-a! Him so gashly—him so ill—ver dam bad—him say so—Oh lorra-lorra-lorra! Com see-a a Massa—him ver orrid!”

“Why, what on earth is the matter with you, you sable, eh?—Why can’t you speak slower, and tell me plainly what’s the matter?” said I, impatiently, for he seemed

inclined to gabble on in that strain for some minutes longer. "What's the matter with your master, sirrah, eh?" I inquired, jerking his striped morning jacket.

"Oh, Docta! Docta! Com-a—Massa d—n bad! Him say so!—Him head turned! Him head turned!"

"Him *what*, sirrah?" said I, in amazement.

"Him *head turned*, Docta—him head turned," replied the man, slapping his fingers against his forehead.

"Oh, I see how it is; I see; ah, yes," I replied, pointing to my forehead in turn, wishing him to see that I understood him to say his master had been seized with a fit of insanity.

"Iss, iss, Docta—him Massa head turned—him head turned!"

"Where is Mr. N——, Nambo, eh?"

"Him lying all 'long in him bed, Massa. But him 'tickler quiet—him head turned."

I felt as much at a loss as ever; it was so odd for a gentleman to acknowledge to his negro-servant that his *head was turned*.

"Ah!" he's gone *mad* you mean, eh—is that it? Hem! *Mad*—is it so?" said I, pointing, with a wink, to my forehead. "No, no, doctor—him head turned!—him head," replied Nambo; and raising both his hands to his head, he seemed trying to twist it round! I could make nothing of his gesticulations, so I dismissed him, telling him to take word, that I should make his master's my first call. I may as well say, that I was on terms of friendly familiarity with Mr. N——, and puzzled myself all the way I went, with attempting to conjecture what *new crotchet* he had taken into his odd—and, latterly, I began to suspect, half-addled—head. He had never disclosed symptoms of what is generally understood by the word *hypochondriasis*; but I often thought there was not a likelier subject in the world for it. At

length I found myself knocking at my friend's door, fully prepared for some specimen of amusing eccentricity—for the thought now crossed my mind, that he might be really ill. Nambo instantly answered my summons, and, in a twinkling, conducted me to his master's bed-room. It was partially darkened, but there was light enough for me to discern that there was nothing unusual in his appearance. The bed was much tossed, to be sure, as if with the restlessness of the recumbent, who lay on his back, with his head turned on one side, and buried deep in the pillow, and his arms folded together outside the counterpane. His features certainly wore an air of exhaustion and dejection, and his eye settled on me with an alarmed expression from the moment that he perceived my entrance.

"Oh, dear doctor!—Isn't this frightful!—Isn't it a dreadful piece of business?"

"Frightful!—dreadful business!" I repeated, with much surprise. "What is frightful? Are you ill—have you had an accident, eh?"

"Ah—ah!—you may well ask that!" he replied; adding, after a pause, "it took place this morning about two hours ago!"

"You speak in parables, Mr. N——! Why, what in the world is the matter with you?"

"About two hours ago—yes," he muttered, as if he had not heard me. "Doctor, do tell me truly now, for the curiosity of the thing, what did you think of me on first entering the room?—Eh?—Feel inclined to laugh, or be shocked—which?"

"Mr. N——, I really have no time for trifling, as I am particularly busy to-day. Do, I beg, be a little more explicit! Why have you sent for me?—What is the matter with you?"

"Why, God bless me, doctor!" he replied, with an air of angry surprise in his manner which I never saw before, "I think, indeed, it's you who are trifling! Have you

lost your eye-sight this morning ? Do you pretend to say you do not see I have undergone one of the most extraordinary alterations in appearance, that the body of man is capable of—such as never was heard or read of before ?”

“Once more, Mr. N——,” I repeated, in a tone of calm astonishment, “be so good as to be explicit. What are you raving about ?”

“Raving !—Égad, I think it’s *you* who are raving, doctor !” he answered ; “or you must wish to insult me ! Do you pretend to tell me you do not see that *my head is turned* ?”—and he looked me in the face steadily and sternly.

“Ha—ha—ha !—Upon my honor, N——, I’ve been suspecting as much for this last five or ten minutes ! I don’t think a patient ever described his disease more accurately before !”

“Don’t mock me, Doctor ——,” replied N——, sternly. “By G——, I can’t bear it ! It’s enough for me to endure the horrid sensations I do !”

“Mr. N——, what *do* you”——

“Why, Doctor —— ! you’ll drive me mad !—Can’t you see that the back of my head is in front, and my face looking backwards ? Horrible !” I burst into loud laughter.

“Doctor ——, it’s time for you and me to part—high time,” said he, turning his face away from me. “I’ll let you know that I’ll stand your nonsense no longer ! I called you in to give me your advice, not to sit grinning like a baboon, by my bedside ! Once more,—finally: Doctor ——, are you disposed to be serious and rational ? If you are not, my man shall show you to the door the moment you please.” He said this in such a sober earnest tone of indignation, that I saw he was fully prepared to carry his threat into execution. I determined, therefore, to humor him a little, shrewdly suspecting some temporary suspension of his sanity—not exactly *madness*—but at least some extraordinary hallucination. To

adopt an expression which I several times heard him use—“I saw what o’clock it was, and set my watch to the time.”

“Oh—well !—I see now how matters stand !—The fact is, I *did* observe the extraordinary posture of affairs you complain of—immediately after I entered the room—but supposed you were joking with me, and twisting your head round in that odd way for the purpose of hoaxing me ; so I resolved to wait and see which of us could play our parts in the farce longest !—Why, good God ! how’s all this, Mr. N—— ?—Is it then *really* the case ?—Are you—in—in earnest—in having your head turned ?”——“*In earnest*, doctor !” replied Mr. N——, in amazement. “Why, do you suppose this happened by my own will and agency ?—Absurd !”——“Oh, no, no—most assuredly not—it is a phenomenon—hem ! hem !—a phenomenon—not unfrequently attending on the *nightmare*,” I answered, with as good a grace as possible.

“Pho, pho, doctor !—Nonsense !—You must really think me a child, to try to mislead me with such stuff as that ! I tell you again I am in as sober possession of my senses as ever I was in my life ; and, once more, I assure you, that, in truth and reality, my head is turned—literally so.”

“Well, well !—So I see !—It is, indeed, a very extraordinary case—a very unusual one ; but I don’t, by any means, despair of bringing all things round again !—Pray tell me how this singular and afflicting accident happened to you ?”

“Certainly,” said he, despondingly. “Last night, or rather this morning, I dreamed that I had got to the West Indies—to Barbadoes, an island where I have, as you know, a little estate left me by my uncle, C—— ; and that, a few moments after I had entered the plantation, for the purpose of seeing the slaves at work, there came a sudden hurricane, a more tremendous one

than ever was known in those parts ; — trees — canes — huts — all were swept before it ! Even the very ground on which we stood seemed whirled away beneath us ! I turned my head a moment to look at the direction in which things were going, when, in the very act of turning, the blast suddenly caught my head, and—oh, my God !—blew it completely round on my shoulders, till my face looked quite—directly behind me—over my back ! In vain did I almost wrench my head off my shoulders, in attempting to twist it round again ; and what with horror, and — and — altogether — in short, I awoke — and found the frightful reality of my situation ! — Oh, gracious Heaven ! ” continued Mr. N——, clasping his hands, and looking upwards, “ what have I done to deserve such a horrible visitation as this ? ”

Humph ! it is quite clear what is the matter *here*, thought I ; so assuming an air of becoming professional gravity, I felt his pulse, begged him to let me see his tongue, made many inquiries about his general health, and then proceeded to subject all parts of his neck to a most rigorous examination ; before, behind, on each side, over every natural elevation and depression, if such the usual varieties of surface may be termed, did my fingers pass ; he, all the while, sighing, and cursing his evil stars, and wondering how it was that he had not been killed by the “ dislocation ! ” This little farce over, I continued silent for some moments, scarcely able, the while, to control my inclination to burst into fits of laughter, as if pondering the possibility of being able to devise some means of cure.

“ Ah,—thank God !—I have it—I have it ”——

“ What !—what—eh ? — what is it ? ”

“ I’ve thought of a remedy, which, if—if anything in the world can bring it about, will set matters right again—will bring back your head to its former position.”

“ Oh, God be praised !—Dear—dear doctor !—if you do but succeed, I shall consider a thousand pounds but the earnest of what I *will* do to evince my gratitude ! ” he exclaimed, squeezing my hand fervently. “ But I am not absolutely certain that we shall succeed,” said I cautiously. “ We will, however, give the medicine a twenty-four hours’ trial ; during all which time you must be in perfect repose, and consent to lie in utter darkness. Will you abide by my directions ? ”

“ Oh, yes—yes—yes !—dear doctor !—What is the inestimable remedy ? Tell me—tell me the name of my ransom. I’ll never divulge it—never ! ”

“ That is not consistent with my plans, at present, Mr. N——,” I replied, seriously ; “ but, if successful—of which I own I have very sanguine expectations—I pledge my honor to reveal the secret to you.” “ Well—but—at least you’ll explain the nature of its operation—eh ? Is it internal—external—what ? ” The remedy, I told him, would be of both forms ; the latter, however, the more immediate agent of his recovery ; the former, preparatory—predisposing. I may tell the reader simply what my physic was to be : three *bread-pills* (the ordinary *placebo* in such cases) every hour ; a strong laudanum draught in the evening ; and a huge bread-and-water poultice for his neck, with which it was to be environed till the parts were sufficiently *mollified* to admit of the neck’s being twisted back again into its former position ; and, when that was the case—why—to ensure its permanency, he was to wear a broad band of strengthening plaster for a week ! This was the bright device, struck out by me—all at a heat ; and, explained to the poor victim with the utmost solemnity and deliberation of manner—all the wise winks and knowing nods, and hesitating “ hems ” and “ has ” of professional usage—sufficed to inspire him with some confidence as

to the results. I confess I shared the most confident expectations of success. A sound night's rest—hourly pill-taking—and the clammy saturating sensation round about his neck, I fully believed would bring him round:—and, in the full anticipation of seeing him disabused of the ridiculous notion he had taken into his head, I promised to see him the first thing in the morning, and took my departure. After quitting the house, I could not help laughing immoderately at the recollection of the scene I had just witnessed; and Mrs. M——, who happened to be passing on the other side of the street, and observed my involuntary risibility, took occasion to spread an ill-natured rumor, that I was in the habit of making myself merry at the expense of my patients!—I foresaw, that should this “crick in the neck” prove permanent, I stood a chance of listening to innumerable conceits of the most whimsical and paradoxical kind—imaginable—for I knew N——’s natural turn to humor. It was inconceivable to me how such an extraordinary delusion could bear the blush of daylight, resist the evidence of his senses, and the unanimous simultaneous assurances of all who beheld him. Though it is little credit to me, and tells but small things for my self-control, I cannot help acknowledging, that at the bedside of my next patient, who was within two or three hours of her end, the surpassing absurdity of the “turned head” notions glared in such ludicrous extremes before me, that I was nearly bursting a blood-vessel with endeavors to suppress a perfect peal of laughter!

About eleven o’clock the next morning, I paid N—— a second visit. The door was opened as usual by his black servant, Nambo; by whose demeanor I saw that something or other extraordinary awaited me. His sable swollen features, and dancing white eyeballs, showed that he was nearly bursting with laughter. “He—he

—he” he chuckled, in a sort of *sotto voce*, “him massa head turned!—him back in front! him waddle!—he—he—he!”—and he twitched his clothes—jerking his jacket, and pointing to his breeches, in a way that I did not understand. On entering the room where N——, with one of his favorite silent smoking friends, (M——, the late well-known counsel,) were sitting at breakfast, I encountered a spectacle which nearly made me expire with laughter. It is almost useless to attempt describing it on paper—yet I will try. Two gentlemen sat opposite each other at the breakfast table, by the fire: the one with his face to me was Mr. M——; and N—— sat with his back towards the door by which I entered. A glance at the former sufficed to show me, that he was sitting in tortures of suppressed risibility. He was quite red in the face—his features were swelled and puffy—and his eyes fixed strainingly on the fire, as though in fear of encountering the ludicrous figure of his friend. They were averted from the fire, for a moment, to welcome my entrance—and then re-directed thither with such a painful effort—such a comical air of compulsory seriousness—as, added to the preposterous fashion after which poor N—— had chosen to dress himself—completely overcame me. The thing was irresistible; and my utterance of that peculiar choking sound, which indicates the most strenuous efforts to suppress one’s risible emotions, was the unwitting signal for each of us bursting into a long and loud shout of laughter. It was in vain that I bit my under lip almost till it brought blood, and that my eyes strained till the sparks flashed from them, in the vain attempt to cease laughing; in full before me sate the exciting cause of it, in the shape of N——, his head supported by the palm of his left hand, with his elbow propped against the side of the arm-chair. The knot of his neck-kerchief was tied,

with its customary formal precision, back at the nape of his neck; his coat and waistcoat were buttoned down his back;—and his trowsers, moreover, to match the novel fashion, buttoned behind, and, of course, the hinder parts of them bulged out ridiculously in front!—Only to look at the coat-collar fitting under his chin, like a stiff military stock—the four tail buttons of brass glistening conspicuously before, and the front parts of the coat buttoned carefully over his back—the compulsory handiwork of poor Nambo!

N—, perfectly astounded at our successive shouts of laughter—for we found it impossible to stop—suddenly rose up in his chair, and, almost inarticulate with fury, demanded what we meant by such extraordinary behavior. This fury, however, was all lost on me; I could only point, in an ecstasy of laughter, almost bordering on frenzy, to his novel mode of dress—as my apology. He stamped his foot, uttered volleys of imprecations against us, and then ringing his bell, ordered the servant to show us both to the door. The most violent emotions, however, must in time expend their violence, though in the presence of the same exciting cause; and so it was with Mr. M— and myself. On seeing how seriously affronted N— was, we both sat down, and I entered into examination, my whole frame aching with the prolonged convulsive fits of irrepressible laughter.

It would be in vain to attempt a recital of one of the drollest conversations in which I ever bore part. N—'s temper was thoroughly soured for some time. He declared that my physic was all a humbug, and a piece of quackery; and the “d—d pudding round his neck,” the absurdest farce he ever heard of; he had a great mind to make Nambo eat it, for the pains he had taken in making it, and fastening it on—poor fellow!

Presently he lapsed into a melancholy reflective mood. He pro-

tested that the laws of locomotion were utterly inexplicable to him—a practical paradox; that his volitions as to progressive and retrogressive motion neutralized each other; and the necessary result was, a cursed circumgyratory motion—for all the world like that of a hen that had lost one of its wings! That henceforward he should be compelled to crawl, crab-like, through life, all ways at once, and none in particular. He could not conceive, he said, which was the nearest way from one given point to another; in short, that all his sensations and perceptions were disordered and confounded. His situation, he said, was an admirable commentary on the words of St. Paul—“But I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind.” He could not conceive how the arteries and veins of the neck could carry and return the blood, after being so shockingly twisted—or “how the wind-pipe went in,” affording a free course to the air through its distorted passage. In short, he said, he was a walking lie! Curious to ascertain the consistency of this anomalous state of feeling, I endeavored once more to bring his delusion to the test of simple sensation, by placing one hand on his nose, and the other on his breast, and asking him which was which, and whether both did not lie in the same direction. He wished to know why I persisted in making myself merry at his expense. I repeated the question, still keeping my hands in the same position; but he suddenly pushed them off, and asked me, with indignation, if I was not ashamed to keep his head looking over his shoulder in that way—accompanying the words with a shake of the head, and a sigh of exhaustion, as if it had really been twisted round into the wrong direction. “Ah!” he exclaimed, after a pause, “if this unnatural state of affairs should prove permanent—hem!—I’ll put an end to the chapter! He—he—he! He—he—

he!" he continued, bursting suddenly into one of those short abrupt laughs, which I have before attempted to describe. "He—he—he! how d—d odd!" We both asked him, in surprise, what he meant, for his eyes were fixed on the fire in apparently a melancholy mood.

"He—he—he! exquisitely odd, He—he—he!" After repeated inquiries, he disclosed the occasion of his unusual cachinations.

"I've just been thinking," said he, "suppose—He, he, he!—suppose it was to come to pass that I should be *hanged*—he, he, he! God forbid, by the way; but, suppose I should, how old Ketch would be puzzled!—my face looking one way, and my tied hands and arms pointing another! How the crowd would stare! He, he, he! And suppose," pursuing the train of thought, "I were to be publicly whipped—how I could superintend operations! And how the devil am I to ride on horseback, eh? with my face to the tail, or—to the mane? In short, what is to become of me? I am, in effect, shut out from society!"

"You have only to *walk circumspectly*," said M——; "and as for *back-biters*—hem."

"That's odd—very—but impertinent," replied the hypochondriac, with a mingled expression of chagrin and humor.

"Come, come, N——, don't look so steadily on the dark side of things," said I.

"The *dark side* of things?" he inquired—"I think it is the *back-side* of things I am compelled to look at!"

"Look forward to better days," said I.

"*Look forward*, again! What nonsense!" he replied, interrupting me; "impossible! How can I *look forward*? My life will henceforth be spent in wretched *retrospectives*!" and he could not help smiling at the conceit. Having occa-

sion during the conversation to use his pocket-handkerchief, he suddenly reached his hand behind as usual, and was a little confused to find that the usual position of his coat-pocket required that he should take it from before! This I should have conceived enough to put an end to his delusion, but I was mistaken.

"Ah! it will take some time to reconcile me to this new order of things—but practice—practice, you know!" It was amazing to me, that his sensations, so contradictory to the absurd crotchet he had taken into his head, did not convince him of his error, especially when so frequently compelled to act in obedience to long accustomed impulses. As, for instance, on my rising to go, he suddenly started from his chair, shook my hands, and accompanied me to the door, as if nothing had been the matter.

"Well now! What do you think of that?" said I, triumphantly.

"Ah—ah!" said he, after a puzzled pause, "but you little know the effort it cost me!"

* * * * *

He did not persevere long in the absurd way of putting on his clothes which I have just described; but even after he had discontinued it, he alleged his opinion to be, that the front of his clothes ought to be with his face! I might relate many similar fooleries springing from this notion of his turned head, but sufficient has been said already to give the reader a clear idea of the general character of such delusions. My subsequent interviews with him, while under this unprecedented hallucination, were similar to the two which I have attempted to describe. The fit lasted near a month. I happened luckily to recollect a device successfully resorted to by a sagacious old English physician, in the case of a royal hypochondriac abroad, who fancied that his nose had swelled into greater dimensions than those of his whole body beside; and forthwith resolved to adopt a similar method of cure with N——.

Electricity was to be the wonder-working talisman! I lectured him out of all opposition, silenced his scruples, and got him to fix an evening for the exorcisation of the evil spirit—as it might well be called—which had taken possession of him. Let the reader fancy, then, N——’s sitting-room, about seven o’clock in the evening, illuminated with a cheerful fire, and four mould candles;—the awful electrifying machine duly disposed for action; Mr. S—— of —— Hospital, Dr. ——, and myself, all standing round it, adjusting the jars, chains, &c.; and Nambo busily engaged in laying bare his master’s neck, N—— all the while eyeing our motions with excessive trepidation. I had infinite difficulty in getting his consent to one preliminary—the bandaging of his eyes. I succeeded, however, at last, in persuading him to undergo the operation blindfolded, in assuring him that it was essential to success; for that if he was allowed to see the application of the conductor to the precise spot requisite, he might start, and occasion its ap-
position to a wrong place! The *real* reason will be seen presently; the great manœuvre could not have been practised but on such terms; for how could I give his head a sudden twist round at the instant of his receiving the shock, if he saw what I was about? I ought to have mentioned that we also prevailed upon him to sit with his arms pinioned, so that he was completely at our mercy. None of us could refrain from an occasional titter at the absurdity of the solemn farce we were playing—fortunately, however, unheard by N——. At length, Nambo being turned out, and the doors locked, lest, seeing the trick, he might disclose it subsequently to his master, we commenced operations. S—— worked the machine—round, and round, and round, whizzing—sparkling—crackling—till the jar was moderately charged: it was then conveyed to N——’s neck, Dr. —— using the conductor,

N——, on receiving a tolerably smart shock, started out of his chair, and I had not time to give him the twist I had intended. After a few moments, however, he protested that he felt “something loosened” about his neck, and was easily induced to submit to another shock considerably stronger than the former. The instant the rod was applied to his neck, I gave the head a sudden excruciating wrench towards the left shoulder, S—— striking him, at the same moment, a smart blow on the crown. Poor N——! —“Thank God!” we all exclaimed, as if panting for breath.

“I—i—s it all over?” stammered N—— faintly—quite confounded with the effects of the threefold remedy we had adopted.

“Yes—thank God, we have at last brought your head round again, and your face looks forward now as heretofore!” said I.

“O, remove the bandage—remove it! Let my own eyesight behold it!—Bring me a glass!”

“As soon as the proper bandages have been applied to your neck, Mr. N——.”

“What, eh—a *second* pudding, eh?”

“No, merely a broad band of dyachlym plaster, to prevent—hem—the contraction of the skin,” said I. As soon as that was done, we removed the handkerchiefs from his eyes and arms.

“Oh, my God, how delightful!” he exclaimed, rising and walking up to the mirror over the mantelpiece. “Ecstasy! All really right again!”

“My dear N——, do not, I beg, do not work your neck about in that way, or the most serious disarrangement of the—the parts,” said I—

“Oh, it’s so, is it? Then I’d better get into bed at once, I think, and you’ll call in the morning.”

I did, and found him in bed. “Well, how does all go on this morning?” I inquired.

“Pretty well—middling,” he replied, with some embarrassment of

manner. "Do you know, Doctor, I've been thinking about it all night long—and I strongly suspect"—His serious air alarmed me—I began to fear that he had discovered the trick. "I strongly suspect—hem—hem"—he continued.

"What?" I inquired, rather sheepishly.

"Why, that it was my brains

only that were turned—and—that—that—most ridiculous piece of business"—

"Why, to be sure, Mr. N——"
* * * and he was so ashamed about it, that he set off for the country immediately, and among the glens and mountains of Scotland, endeavored to forget that ever he dreamed that HIS HEAD WAS TURNED.

THE PENITENT'S RETURN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Can guilt or misery ever enter here?
Ah! no, the spirit of domestic peace,
Though calm and gentle as the brooding dove,
And ever murmuring forth a quiet song,
Guards, powerful as the sword of Cherubim,
The hallow'd Porch. She hath a heavenly smile,
That sinks into the sullen soul of vice,
And wins him o'er to virtue.—WILSON.

Mr father's house once more,
In its own moonlight beauty! Yet around,
Something, amidst the dewy calm profound,
Broods, never mark'd before!

Is it the brooding night?
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
That makes the holme, so tranquil and so fair,
O'erwhelming to my sight?

All solemnized it seems,
And still'd and darken'd in each time-worn hue,
Since the rich clustering roses met my view,
As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
I stood and linger'd—where my sisters made
Our mother's bower—I deem'd not that it cast
So far and dark a shade!

How spirit-like a tone
Sighs through yon tree! My father's place was there
At evening-hours, while soft winds waved his hair!
Now those grey locks are gone!

My soul grows faint with fear!
Even as if angel steps had mark'd the sod,
I tremble where I move—the voice of God
Is in the foliage here!

Is it indeed the night
That makes my home so awful? Faithless hearted!
'Tis that from thine own bosom hath departed
The in-born gladdening light!

No outward thing is changed;
Only the joy of purity is fled,
And, long from Nature's melodies estranged,
Thou hear'st their tones with dread.

Therefore, the calm abode
By thy dark spirit is o'erhung with shade,

And, therefore, in the leaves, the voice of God
Makes thy sick heart afraid !

The night flowers round that door,
Still breathe pure fragrance on the untainted air ;
Thou, thou alone, art worthy now no more
To pass, and rest thee there !

And must I turn away ?
—Hark, hark !—it is my mother's voice I hear,
Sadder than once it seem'd—yet soft and clear—
Doth she not seem to pray ?

My name !—I caught the sound !
Oh ! blessed tone of love—the deep, the mild—
Mother, my mother ! Now receive thy child,
Take back the Lost and Found !

REMINISCENCES.

I know it is not beautiful !
That in the vale below,
Far gayer gifts of summer bloom,
And brighter waters flow ;
I know it is not beautiful !
But, oh ! unto my heart
It breathes a charm of vanish'd days,
No other scenes impart.

The days once eloquent with tones
They never more may bring,
Sweet as e'er woo'd a woman's lip
To Love's delicious spring ;
Deep as the distant clarion's breath
Upon the moonlight air,
Inspiring high and glorious deeds,
It were a pride to share !

The form whose beauty imaged forth
The vision of my sleep,
The painting of a youthful heart,
Romantic, warm, and deep ;
The voice, that music of my mind !—
Are with the spells of yore,
On which the morn may brightly rise,
But never waken more !

No gift of thine, love, meets my gaze,
No token fond and fair—
No, not, to soothe me in my tears,
A single lock of hair :
Thou'at pass'd, my love, like some pale star
We look in vain to find,
None left to cheer my blighted path
One lonely ray behind !

They tell me I am waning fast,
That leaf by leaf I fade—
They bear me forth with wreathed hair,
In jewel'd robes array'd ;
They deem the festive dance may woo
My memory from this spot,
But, ah ! amidst the courtly crowd,
Thou art the least forgot.

My eyes are wandering fast and far
To other shores away,
My soul is with thee in thy grave !—
How can I then be gay ?
I perish in their festive light,
I die amidst their mirth—
Oh ! take me to thine arms, dear love,
From this cold, cheerless earth !

TRUTH, YOUTH, AND AGE.

Truth. What is Immortality ?
Youth. It is the glory of the mind,
The deathless voice of ancient Time ;
The light of genius, pure, refined !
The monument of deeds sublime !
O'er the cold ashes of the dead
It breathes a grandeur and a power,
Which shine when countless years have
 fled,
Magnificent as the first hour !
Truth. What is Immortality !
Age. Ask it of the gloomy waves,

Of the old forgotten graves,
Whereof not one stone remains ?
Ask it of the ruin'd fane,
Temples that have pass'd away,
Leaving not a wreck to say,
Here an empire once hath stood !
Ask it in thy solitude,
Of thy solemn musing mind,
And, too truly, wilt thou find
Earthly immortality
Is a splendid mockery !

MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE PHYSICAL NECESSITIES OF MAN.

THE primary physical wants of the human being are food, clothing, shelter, and defence. To supply these, he has cleared and cultivated the earth—he has invented his various arts, and built houses and cities. At first, we see him like the other animals, laboring under the wants which their common nature produces—under sufferings to which they are alike exposed, actuated by passions which boil in their blood,—Hunger, Thirst, the inclemency of the skies, the fear and anger of self-preservation in the midst of powerful and inflammable enemies. Hunger and Thirst cultivate the earth. Fear builds castles and embattles cities. The animal is clothed by nature against cold and storm, and shelters himself in his den. Man builds his habitation, and weaves his clothing. With horns, or teeth, or claws, the strong and deadly weapons with which nature has furnished them, the animal kinds wage their war; he forges swords and spears, and constructs implements of destruction that will send death almost as far as his eye can mark his foe, and sweep down thousands together. The animal that goes in quest of his food, that pursues or flies from his enemy, has feet, or wings, or fins; but man bids the horse, the camel, the elephant, bear him, and yokes them to his chariot. If the strong animal would cross the river, he swims. Man spans it with a bridge. But the most powerful of them all stands on the beach and gazes on the ocean. Man constructs a ship, and encircles the globe. Other creatures must traverse the element nature has assigned, with means she has furnished. He chooses his element, and makes his means. Can the fish traverse the waters? So can he. Can the bird fly the air? So can he. Can the camel speed over the desert? He shall bear man as his rider.

But to see what he owes to inventive art, we should compare man, not with inferior creatures, but with himself, looking over the face of human society, as history or observation shows it. We shall find him almost sharing the life of brutes, or removed from them by innumerable differences, and incalculable degrees. In one place we see him harboring in caves, naked, living, we might almost say, on prey, seeking from chance his wretched sustenance, food which he eats just as he finds it. This extreme degradation is rare; perhaps nowhere are *all* these circumstances of destitution found together—but still they *are* found, fearfully admonishing us of our nature. Man has as yet done nothing for himself—his own hands have done nothing for him—he lives like a beggar on the alms of nature. Turn to another land, and you see the face of the earth covered with the works of his hand—his habitation, wide-spreading, stately cities—his clothing and the ornaments of his person culled and fashioned from the three kingdoms of nature. For his food, the face of the earth bears him tribute; and the seasons and changes of heaven concur with his own art in ministering to his board.

This is the difference which man has made in his own condition by the use of his intellectual powers, awakened and goaded on by the necessities of his physical constitution. He stands naked in the midst of nature, but armed with powers which will make him her sovereign lord. Want, Pain, and Death, howling in the forest, urge him on, and he rouses up the powers of his invincible mind to the contention with physical evil. It is not his hand alone that delivers him from this lot of affliction; but it is his mind working in that powerful organ. His first food is from nature's bounty; his next is from his own art. He sees that the seeds she

casts into the ground spring up with another season. He casts them in, and waits for the season. He then, at her guidance, chooses the soil and prepares it; and thus his first step towards the conquest of nature, is to observe her own silent and mysterious operations.

The early history of the great primary arts of life, their origin, and the first steps of their progress, lie buried in the darkness of antiquity; but thus much we may understand, that man found himself in the midst of a world teeming with natural productions, and full of the operation of natural powers offering him benefit, or menacing him with destruction. The various knowledge, the endlessly multiplied arts, by which he fills his life with the supplies of its great necessities, and with all its great resources of security and power, or with which he adorns it, are all merely the regulated application of powers of nature acting at his discretion upon her own substances and productions. But the various knowledge, the endlessly multiplied observation, the experience and reasonings of man added to man, of generation following generation, which were required to bring to a moderate state of advancement the great primary arts subservient to physical life,—the arts of providing food, habitation, clothing, and defence, to man, *we* are utterly unable to conceive. We are *born* to the knowledge, which was collected at first by the labors of many generations. How slowly with continual accessions of knowledge were those arts reared up which still remain to us! How many arts which had laboriously been brought to perfection, have been displaced by superior invention, and fallen into oblivion? Fenced in as we are by the works of our predecessors, we see but a small part of the power of man contending with the difficulties of his lot. But what a wonderful scene would be opened up before our eyes, with what intense interest

should we look on, if we could indeed behold man armed only with his own implanted powers, and going forth to conquer the creation! If we could see him beginning by subduing evils, and supplying painful wants; going on to turn those evils and wants into the means of enjoyment—and at length, in the wantonness and pride of his power, filling his existence with luxuries! If we could see him from his first step, in the untamed though fruitful wilderness, advancing to subdue the soil, to tame and multiply the herds,—from bending the branches into a bower, to fell the forest and quarry the rock,—seizing into his own hands the element of fire, directing its action on substances got from the bowels of the earth,—fashioning wood, and stone, and metal, to the will of his thought,—searching the nature of plants to spin their fibres, or with their virtues to heal his disease;—if we could see him raise his first cities, launch his first ship, calling the winds and waters to be his servants, and to do his work,—changing the face of the earth,—forming lakes and rivers,—joining seas, or stretching the continent itself into the dominion of the sea;—if we could do all this in imagination, then should we understand something of what man's intellect has done for his physical life, and what the necessities of his physical life have done in forcing into action all the powers of his intelligence.

But there are still higher considerations arising from the influence of man's physical necessities on the destiny of the species. It is this subjugation of natural evil, and this created dominion of art, that prepares the earth to be the scene of his social existence. His hard conquest was not the end of his toil. He has conquered the kingdom in which he was to dwell in his state. That full unfolding of his moral powers to which he is called, was only possible in those states of society which are thus brought into

being by his conflict with all his physical faculties against all the stubborn powers of the material universe ; for out of the same conquest Wealth is created. In this progress, and by means thus brought into action, the orders and classes of society are divided ; Property itself, the allotment of the earth, takes place, because it is the bosom of the earth that yields food. That great foundation of the stability of communities is thus connected with

the same necessity ; and in the same progress, and out of the same causes, arise the first great Laws by which society is held together in order. Thus that whole wonderful development of the Moral Nature of man, in all those various forms which fill up the history of the race, in part arises out of, and is always intimately blended with, the labors to which he has been aroused by those first great necessities of his physical nature.

THE GOLD CROSS.

It was late one cold and stormy evening in Autumn that a traveller, plainly dressed, and of middle age, entered a little village of Flanders. It was not sufficiently wealthy to be possessed of a comfortable inn, and after reconnoitring the miserable auberge, the pedestrian, who had left his carriage to explore the interesting scenery, resolved to seek in some one of the cottages the blessings of neatness and quiet. He passed several whose noisy children or smoking men did not coincide with his wishes, till the appearance of a small abode struck him with an aspect of comfort superior to any he had beheld. The little garden was kept in neat order, and looking through the casement he contemplated, unobserved, a scene which charmed a lover of nature. The wood fire blazed brightly, and cast its strong glare on the features of an old woman occupied in knitting. On the other side of the fire-place its light fell with a softer lustre on the profile of a young girl, who appeared to be making lace. She was dressed in a costume of the country, and one of its most becoming ones. The crown of her cap, the material of which was of a snowy whiteness, was moderately high, and the front, placed rather far back, revealed her lovely brow, and the dark chesnut locks parted simply on it. Her features were regular and soft ; her long black eye-

lashes, deep eye-lids, and the pale pure expression of her face, might have formed a model for a Madonna, till she raised her bright blue eyes, speaking the simplicity and hilarity of her age ; and her lips parted in a sweet and lively smile. Her form, laced in the picturesque corset, and shaded by her lawn handkerchief, had all the graces of youth, and more than are generally found in a peasant. The unseen spectator resolved here to seek hospitality. He knocked gently at the door, and the young maiden, with the fearlessness which marks the primitive manners of a retired place, came and opened it. "Will you ask your mother," said the Count de Larive, "to admit a strange gentleman to a night's lodging if she has a spare bed ? I am much fatigued, and should prefer your quiet cottage to the bustle of an inn."—"Willingly," said the girl ; and having mentioned to the old woman this request, she arose and advanced towards him, when he perceived she was not so old as he had thought before ; and after a few courteous inquiries frankly admitted the Count, who had no motive to conceal his name, to the hospitality he needed. Having divested himself of his traveling pelisse, he appeared to Madame Surville, who was not quite a stranger to the aspect of genteel persons, what he really was, a high-bred gentleman, and, as such, very

easy and affable. "I fear, Sir," said she, "we have not a supper fit to offer you—some dried fish, fresh eggs, and bread, are all our cottage can afford; but my daughter will prepare them neatly and expeditiously."—"Good fare, Madame, for a tired traveller," said the Count, who was surprised at her refined manners, "and I shall be glad to partake of anything prepared by so charming a child as your daughter!" The Count's age, and that of the young girl, which was scarcely seventeen, rendered this compliment excusable, and the mother took it in good part. "Yes," said she, "Rosalie is worthy of praise, for she is a good girl, and, since my poor husband died, my only consolation."—"You are a widow, then?" observed the Count.—"Yes, Sir, several years; but I endeavor to be resigned to the will of Providence, for her affection supports me; for," added she, observing Rosalie was busy in hospitable arrangements at the other end of the apartment, "she will not marry, though she has a very good offer from a respectable man, the baillie here, who has been very kind to us, out of pure friendship, as we thought at first, though it seems he wished to gain her for a wife; but he has not sufficient means to maintain me too, and Rosalie declares she will not leave me, as, from a paralytic weakness in my hands, I am unfit for much work."

The Count was interested by this little narrative; and as supper was placed by the white hands of Rosalie, with a neatness delightful even to a fastidious eye, and as he gazed on her delicate and peculiar style of beauty, he thought her the pearl of cottage maidens. He had cares of his own which rendered his cheek pale and his eye thoughtful, but his rustic companions were struck with his fine and gentle countenance. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said Madame Surville, "for looking at you so attentively, but I surely have seen one who strongly resem-

bled you, though I cannot recall where." Then after a pause, she suddenly, and as if involuntarily, added—"Ah! now I remember!" But she stopped suddenly, and changed color. The Count deemed that she recalled some painful recollections, and to divert the conversation, while he partook cheerfully of his simple repast—"Who plays on that instrument?" inquired he, pointing to a guitar which hung near.—"My daughter," answered Madame de Surville; "and if you please, Sir, she will sing you the Evening Hymn as you finish your supper."—"I should be gratified indeed." The obliging Rosalie, who had scarcely spoken, instantly fetched her guitar; and though a faint blush streaked her fair cheek, sang, in a sweet but untaught voice, this

EVENING HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

"See! Evening sinks o'er hill and bower,
Ave Maria! hear our prayer;
Pure as the dew-drop on the flower—
As free from guilt, as free from care,
May we thy guardian influence share.
"See! Winter's Evening sets serene,
Ave Maria! hear our prayer;
The snows that shine so dazzling seen,
May not with Virtue's robe compare—
This spotless vesture let us wear!"

As Rosalie concluded, the Count observed her take what he thought a small cross from her bosom, and kiss it with much devotion. She then rose, and, hanging up her guitar, approached her mother, and tenderly embracing her, said she would go and prepare the gentleman's apartment, and afterwards retire to rest. Her manner in saying this, and the modest curtsy with which she departed, delighted the Count. How superior, thought he, is this simple maiden to most of our Paris Demoiselles. How soon a dancing-master and affectation would spoil that native elegance—yet how rare to find it in a cottage. "You are then Catholics?" said he, turning to Madame de Surville.—"My dear Rosalie is, Sir, but I myself am a Protestant."—"That is rather surprising!" said the

Count, almost unconsciously.—His hostess sighed. "Yes!" said she, "there is much which is extraordinary in the events of my life, though they have been few and are drawing to a close; for I am weakened by sorrow more than by age, and all that grieves me is to think I must leave my poor girl unprovided for."—"Have you no friends here?" asked her pitying auditor. "Scarcely any, Sir; for I have not been in this place many years. The baillie, indeed, professes love for Rosalie, but he is a widower, with children, and it is said he was not kind to his first wife. I should be loth to leave one so gentle to such protection."—"True, indeed," said the Count, "she is a most interesting girl, and, from your account, very amiable. I wish I could befriend her. I have a wife, a most excellent woman, who will arrive here probably to-morrow in our carriage. I think she will be extremely pleased with your Rosalie."—"Any one might be pleased with her, though I say it who ought not; yet who has more right? She works day and night for my support, delicate as she has always been, and will work for the poor too, when she can do nothing else for them; but I must trust to Providence, who knows her virtues, to reward them!"—"All you have said," replied the Count, "has excited in me much interest, and a desire to be of service to you both. I am rich, and have, alas! little else to do with my wealth than to make others happy. If you would confide to me, although a stranger, something of your situation, and, if it should be necessary, those peculiar circumstances to which you alluded, if my power and good-will could assist you I should be inclined to offer both."—"You are very kind, Sir; and there is something in your features," added she, with a sigh, "which almost makes me think I ought to confide in you, for in this lone place such an opportunity may never occur again of making a

friend for my poor Rosalie. I am sure I may trust to your honor never to reveal those parts of my story I wish to remain secret, and which will still further affect your feelings for this excellent girl."—"Believe me," said the Count, "as no idle curiosity, but a sincere wish to serve you, prompts my request, so with me your confidence will be sacred." The good woman mused a little, wiped away some tears, and drawing her chair close to the fire, began her narrative in these terms:—

"I will commence my tale at that period of my life which found me happy in the possession of all the moderate comforts of life, and still more so in the affection of an excellent husband, who owned a small competence, which, with his own industry and mine, sufficed our moderate wishes. We dwelt in a town of France, the name of which I need not mention. My husband was engaged abroad most of the day by his occupations, and my time was fully employed in superintending a school of young girls, the children of respectable, though not opulent parents, whom I instructed in the first rudiments of education. I may say with truth no couple bore a better character than ourselves, and my few scholars (for I would not increase the number) were reckoned the best-behaved, the healthiest, and most happy of all the daughters of our neighbors. It happened one evening, when they were all departed, and I was quite alone, my husband being detained later than usual, a sudden ring at the bell startled me, for my visitors were few and rare. Having but one servant I went to the door myself, and was not a little surprised to see a lady of most noble appearance, well dressed, and leading a little girl, who appeared about three years old." At this part of the narrative her auditor suddenly started. The good woman observed it not, but continued absorbed in recollection. "You may guess I made my best curtesy, not being

used to see such fine ladies in our town, and civilly inquired what business she would honor me with.—‘Allow me,’ said she, ‘to speak to you a few moments alone in your parlor.’—Though surprised, I of course assented, and led the way to an apartment I kept in which to see any one who might call and wish to speak with me apart from my scholars. When I had offered the lady a chair, she sat down, indeed she seemed scarcely able to stand, and, to my wonderment, began to be much agitated, and wept bitterly; for, though her veil covered her countenance, I could hear her violent sobs. At last she spoke.—‘Excuse me, Madam,’ said she; ‘I am a mother, and my object here is to part with my little girl. Is the number of your scholars full?’—Quite struck at the question from a lady of her consequence, I replied it was; and though honored by her commands, I felt myself quite unequal to the task of bringing up a young lady who appeared of such high birth. At this my mysterious visitor seemed more distressed. At length, raising her veil, she discovered to my view a countenance I shall never forget—all my life will its surpassing beauty and sweetness be as it were imprinted on my very heart.—‘Madam!’ said she, ‘this is not what I meant to say; I have heard, from those who know you, of your extreme goodness of heart, your gentleness, your humanity to children. Unhappy circumstances, which I cannot explain, force me to join my husband, and leave our only child behind me. I have, alas! no friends to confide her too—but the good are all friends; those who act on the divine precepts of Christianity never can be strangers. I have the means amply, liberally to recompense your care of her; but to the kindness, the uprightness of your character, I trust, not to wish to penetrate the mystery which must, alas! envelope an unfortunate wife forced to choose between the father and the child. Oh, Madam,’

she exclaimed, ‘I am sure you feel for a distracted mother; do not refuse my request! let me have the only consolation I can know in quitting this innocent, tender from her age and her sex,—that of leaving her with a worthy woman, one who fears God, and who will therefore perform her duty to my child. I care not for accomplishments—teach her to be good and happy like yourself; judge by these tears whether I can covet external advantages for her, when they have rendered her mother so unhappy.’—Seeing, by my silence, at once my emotion and indecision, the lady placed on the table a heavy purse of gold.—‘This,’ said she, ‘is to pay the first year of her charge—a similar sum annually shall be transmitted till the happy period when I may hope to claim her again.’—‘Madam,’ said I, ‘suffer me to inform my husband.’—‘No,’ replied she; ‘hesitate not, pause not to do a good action—your heart tells you it is right. I swear before the awful Power, to whose protection I confide my child, I have told you the truth—more I cannot add. You shall hear from me. Accept this precious deposit,’ said she, looking at her lovely little girl, who smiled unconscious in her face; ‘by so doing, you will save a mother from despair—you will perform a deed which will sweeten your last moments, and no possible harm, but great benefit, may accrue to you and yours.’—Then, before I could prevent her, she threw herself on her knees before me—she seized my hand, put into it the trembling one of the little girl, and was gone ere I had recovered from the stupor of surprise.”

The good woman paused, much affected by her interesting account: for so it seemed by the sympathy of her auditor, whose deep-drawn sighs and pale cheeks now drew her attention.

“Proceed, I entreat you, Madam!” said he in a faint but eager voice, “I have been a father, and your relation affects me.”

Madame Surville bowed, and continued. "I will not dwell on my astonishment, or that of my husband, who was somewhat displeased at the transaction, as, he said, no good could come from such mystery; but the sweet countenance of the little girl, and her grief for the absence of her mother, endeared her to me, and I tried every means to console her. She had a little basket in her hand, containing a few plain but costly articles of clothing. We were most perplexed as to what religion we should bring her up in, being ourselves Protestants, though in a Catholic country. We had also some difficulty in accounting to our neighbors for this sudden increase of our family. As for making inquiries in the hope to discover more of the child's parents, we thought it both right and prudent to abstain. The little dear had received a severe and effectual caution herself against answering any questions; nor did there seem much to tell, but that she lived very retired in a small cottage, with her mother, and an old lady who was now dead. However, some of our doubts were ended in a few weeks, by the arrival of a packet containing more money, a letter, and some presents for the child. The letter was short—it thanked us in the name of two unfortunate parents for undertaking so important a charge, committing her, with the strongest entreaties, to our tender-care, and assuring us we should be remunerated beyond our utmost expectations. One of the presents was a gold cross, which, by her mother's desire, has never since quitted Rosalie's neck; she kisses it night and morning, and it is doubly the object of her devotion. We were told in the letter, 'her family's religion was Catholic,' and were earnestly requested to bring her up in the same, which injunction we have conscientiously followed. The other present was a miniature picture of a gentleman in uniform, whom we supposed her father: but this we were en-

joined not to show her yet, as likely to raise too strong emotions in her young mind of wonder and regret, but to endeavor to reconcile her to her situation, and bring her up at once with care and simplicity. Many a tear have I shed over the letter, which breathed a mother's love in every line—and that picture, so noble, so manly. Excuse me, Sir, but I thought just now at supper it had some resemblance to yourself."—"Have you still that picture, and will you let me see it?" asked the stranger, in a hollow voice.—"Why, yes, Sir; it is so long ago, no harm can, I hope, come from showing it to a gentleman like you." The good woman rose, unlocked a small closet near the fire-place, took out a little casket, and applying her finger to the spring, opened it, and discovered a miniature and a letter. She gave the Count both. He seized, and eagerly looked at the writing of the letter, and it dropped from his nerveless hand; then throwing himself into a chair, he covered his eyes, as though too much agitated to contemplate the portrait.—"Dear Sir," said the widow, "what moves you thus? Did you know our dear Rosalie's parents! Can you tell me where they are?"—The Count raised his face, and bringing the picture nearer the light, "Excellent woman!" said he, "in this behold the image of what I was fourteen years ago, ere the sorrow of parting with an only child withered my youthful bosom."—Struck to the heart, Madame de Surville first turned deadly pale, then directing her looks to heaven—"The Author of all Good be praised!" said she. "If I must lose my dear adopted daughter, I shall at least place her in the arms of her parents."—"Lose her!" exclaimed the Count, seizing her hand. "No; you have been to her a mother too long to be less than a sister to me and my wife. With us and your dear Rosalie shall you end your life."

Let us pass over, however, these emotions of the first moments of

surprise. When both parties had a little recovered composure, the Count declared his resolution to restrain his impatience, and defer declaring his affinity to his new-found treasure until the arrival of her mother, by which time Madame de Surville might have prepared Rosalie for the change. This worthy being could not repress her anxiety to be informed of the circumstances which had thus thrown his child on the protection of strangers. And as the Count found it impossible for him to rest that night, he determined to satisfy her solicitude, though the relation would prove a severe trial to his own feelings.

"In me, my dear madam," said he, "you behold one of the sad examples of the misery arising from ungoverned passions acting on an originally good heart, but unregulated by principle. I was born to all the advantages of rank and luxury, the only and adored son of my father (for my mother died in my infancy, or her tender care might have softened my defects). Indulged, flattered, caressed, I became headstrong and impatient of control. My father, accustomed to gratify my boyish wishes, never reflected that a day might arrive when they would interfere with his own sentiments. With the same want of foresight he had brought up with me a female orphan, rather younger than myself, a distant relation of our family, and who being without fortune, was indebted to my father for an honorable education. Emilie de la Tour was—alas! I need not say what—for you beheld her the unfortunate mother of Rosalie—when in the prime of her beauty, matchless as it was, ere grief had tarnished its splendor. To her extraordinary charms she joined sweetness, wit, and accomplishments. Yet my father never appeared to suspect it was impossible for me daily to behold without loving her. Her education, like my own, had been imperfect, and her feelings were strong though amia-

ble. Neither of us seemed sensible that we had no right to dispose of our hearts and hands without consulting those who had a claim to our confidence.

"To shorten my painful tale, our mutual but innocent attachment was discovered by my father. Never shall I forget his displeasure—the thought of his son, the heir to all his honors, marrying a portionless orphan, seemed almost to drive him to madness. My poor Emilie was hurried away without my knowledge to a distant part of France, to stay with an old aunt previous to being immured in a convent. By extraordinary exertions I discovered her retreat, and managed secretly to correspond with the idol of my soul. My father was pacified by her absence, and all might yet have been well, had not he unhappily proposed to me an immediate and illustrious marriage with another. Distracted at the bare idea, I however dissembled, but it was only to execute a plan which would render it forever impossible for me to marry any one but Emilie. By the plausible excuse of joining my regiment, I hurried to her, and thought myself the happiest of human beings when I had by entreaties, and almost threats of ending my existence, prevailed upon her to consent to a private marriage, which I procured to be solemnized. I afterwards returned to my father, while she continued with her aunt. What was my remorse for this hasty step, when, on my return, some disagreement between the two families had broken off the dreaded match! Yet was Emilie mine. We had won over her aunt to conceal our imprudence, and, through her contrivance, we enjoyed many stolen hours of each other's society, though empoisoned by conscious duplicity and disobedience to a parent. But when I became the father of a sweet little girl, my sensations were the most poignant—every smile of hers was a dagger to my heart, and seemed to reproach

me with my deceit towards the author of my days. But my earthly punishment was to come. I adored my wife and child. In their caresses I tasted the only alleviation of my misery, when a sudden order of my regiment to a foreign and most unhealthy climate imposed on me the dreadful necessity of parting with all I loved—for to ask my wife to leave her Rosalie, or take her to those pestilential shores, was impossible. My aged, my injured father, too, I was forced to abandon, and this seemed to my repentant heart the severest stroke of all—for never might I again behold him—never make reparation for the days my unhappy passion had embittered. Thank Heaven! for his own peace, he knew not of my guilt—as for mine it seemed gone forever. One consolation remained, I left my beloved and her child in the care of her excellent aunt, and this a little reconciled me to my hurried departure, not even allowing me to breathe a painful adieu! What then were my feelings on learning by a letter that Emilie's aunt lay a corpse! Deprived of her only friend in her own country, she was determined to seek her sole protection in my arms, to share my dangers, and at least die with me. Yet to expose her child's tender age to the same dangers, was more than the heart of a mother could resolve. She happened to be well acquainted with one of your little pupils; had heard of your extreme kindness—the good character of your husband—and knowing no one else in whom she could confide, and the town where you lived being not more than ten miles from her abode, she formed the wild plan of trusting her Rosalie to a good and benevolent stranger. Heaven has blessed her intention, and it will reward your fidelity. Let me briefly pass over the long, sad years we spent abroad. My regiment was ordered home, and I returned with the resolution of throwing myself at my father's feet and confess-

ing all, and entreating his forgiveness. Alas! I found him no more. With his dying breath he blessed my filial duty; and, at that awful moment, remembering the virtues of my Emilie, and believing her yet single, he left his consent to our union. My sorrow, and the deep repentance that accompanied it, I cannot describe—my health, impaired by the climate, quite gave way. On my recovery from a severe fever, my first proposal was to set out immediately to claim that beloved child, who was the only tie we now possessed in our country. Alas! how inestimably dear. Think then of the feelings of her doating mother, already faded by premature cares and regret—think of the anguish, of the remorse that rent my heart, when on reaching the little town you had inhabited, our utmost endeavors could find no trace of you. Three tedious years have been consumed in almost hopeless traveling through France and the neighboring countries in search of our lost treasure. And now, when my Emilie's pale cheek and sunken eye tells the tale of hope deferred,—when my spirits are so worn by disappointment as scarcely to be able to cheer hers, Heaven, which has doubtless chastised us in its mercy, relents, and permits two erring, but sincerely penitent beings, to clasp to their bosom the pledge of their early, sad, but misguided affection." The Count ceased, much affected, and evidently unable to continue.—"It is for me, dearest Sir," said Madame de Surville, "to fill up the blank in your narration, and account for the mysterious disappearance of my little family.

"During a period of ten years we regularly received your munificent allowance for the care of Rosalie. The last year of our remaining at F—, whether in consequence of the approaching removal of your regiment, or what cause, you may perhaps explain, none reached us. It was indeed a

year of calamity. I have mentioned our being Protestants, and we were now to find that to live in our own country and profess that religion was impossible. My scholars first dropped off; my husband's employment was taken from him: we underwent numerous persecutions; and at last had cause to think our liberty, if not our lives, in imminent danger. It was then we reaped the benefit of your generosity—the sums you had transmitted we had partly saved, intending them as a little resource for the dear girl in case of our death. Necessity was urgent. We had, thanks to this store, the means of flight, but to do so with safety, it was necessary to leave no trace of our steps. This we felt very distressing on your account, but less so as not having heard for nearly two years, we feared you were no more. Our place of retreat was this village, where we should have lived comfortably but for the villany of an agent who robbed us of most of our treasure. My poor husband is gone, and I had no consolation left but the goodness of my adopted child, and the sweet thought, that should you ever claim her, she would be found in beauty, innocence and virtue, worthy of any rank."

The evening following that which witnessed the arrival of the Count

as a solitary traveller to ask the hospitality of Madame de Surville's hearth, that hearth again blazed as brightly, but no longer were two figures alone seated beside it. Next to his adored daughter sat the Count de Larive; she still wore the peasant's cap and simple boddice, but her cheek was bright with a joy it had never known before, and her eyes sparkled with an almost heavenly radiance as she leaned on her fond father's shoulder, and playfully held up to him to kiss the gold cross, which had never been absent from her bosom since in childhood he had placed it there; and it had every day and night received the kisses of filial affection when the dear donors were unknown. Opposite them was the beautiful though faded form of the enraptured Emilie, as she gazed on the beloved pair, and showing Madame de Surville the well-known picture of her husband, now changed, but more endeared by time and sorrow. She dropped a tear on the ivory to the remembrance of past errors and trials, but a smile beamed around her lip which told of hopes of Heaven's forgiveness; and she felt its cheering influence confirmed as she saw her husband reverentially kiss the, to them sacred, symbol of the GOLD CROSS.

THOMSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

BY DELTA.

"Is Ednam, then, so near me? I must gaze
On Thomson's cradle-spot,—as sweet a
bard

As ever graced the name,—and on the
scenes

That first to poetry awoke his soul."

So saying to myself, with eager step,

Down through the avenues of Sydenham,

The birth-house of the being with whose
fate

Mine own is sweetly mingled, on I stray'd

In a perplexity of pleasing thoughts,

Amid the perfume of blown eglantine,

And hedge-row wild-flowers, memory
conjuring up

The bright and soul-subduing lays of him,

Whose fame is with his country's being
mix'd,

And cannot die;—until at length I gain'd
An opening in the road, between the stems
Of two green sycamores,—and lo! at once,
The downward country like a map unfurl'd
Before me,—pastures green,—and forests
dark,—

And, in its simple quietude reveal'd,
Ednam—no more a visionary scene!

A rural church,—some scatter'd cottage
roofs,

From whose secluded hearths the thin blue
smoke,

Silently wreathing through the breezeless
air,

Ascended, mingling with the summer sky;
A rustic bridge, mossy and weather-stain'd;

A fairy streamlet, singing to itself;

And here and there a venerable tree
In foliaged beauty :—of these elements,
And only these, the simple scene was
form'd.

Oft had I dream'd of Ednam, of the spot
Where, to the light of life, the infant eye
Of Thomson open'd; till the syllables
Brought to my heart a vista of delight,
A soft Elysian picture, dipp'd in hues
Of pastoral loveliness—an atmosphere,
Such as the wizard's wand has charm'd
around

The realm of Indolence, where every sight
And every sound, unto tranquillity
Smooth'd down the ever-swelling waves
of thought ;—

And oft, while o'er the Bard's harmonious
page,

Nature's reflected picture, I have hung
Enchanted, wondering thoughts have
cross'd my mind,

Of his lone boyhood, and the eager thirst
With which his opening spirit must have
drank

The shows of earth and heaven, till I have
wish'd

That on his birthplace I could gaze, and
tread

The pathways hallow'd by the feet of him
Whose inspiration sang the Vernal morn
With its refulgent brow; the Summer day
Glowing and endless; the Autumnal eve
Of mellow dye; and Winter's midnight
arch

Uncloded, paved with multitudinous stars.

Now Ednam was before me—but the
thought

Of Thomson vanish'd, nor would coalesce
And mingle with the landscape, as the
stream

Loses itself within the summer sea;
For why? a spell was broken; it was not
My vision shadow'd by reality

In lineaments harmonious, it was not
The poet's birthplace,—earth etherealized
And spiritual,—but quite an alien scene,
Fair in itself, and only for itself

To seek our praises or regard; the clue
Of old associations was destroy'd,—

A leaf from Fancy's volume was torn out,—
And, as the fairy frost-work leaves the grass,
A tract of mental Eden was laid waste,
Never to blossom more!

Alone I stood,
Gazing around me in the glowing light
Of noon, while, overhead, the rapturous
lark

Soar'd as she sang, less and less visible,
Till but a voice mid Heaven's engulfing
blue.—

Yet though the tones and smiles of Nature
bade

The heart rejoice, a shadow overspread
My musings, and the fairy-land of thought
"Melted into the light of common day."

A moment's look had disenchanted years
Of cherish'd vision; Ednam, which before
Spoke to my spirit as a spell, was now
The index to a code of other thoughts;
And turning on my heel, I sigh'd to think
How oft our joys depend on ignorance.

A SCENE ON THE "COSTA FIRME."*

I WAS awakened by the low growl-
ing, and short bark of the dog.
The night was far spent; the tiny
sparks of the fire-flies that were
glancing in the door-way, began to
grow pale; the chirping of the
crickets and lizards, and the *snore*
of the tree-toad waxed fainter, and
the wild cry of the tiger-cat was no
longer heard. The *terral*, or land-
wind, which is usually strongest to-
wards morning, moaned loudly on
the hillside, and came rushing past
with a melancholy *sough*, through
the brushwood that surrounded the
hut, shaking off the heavy dew from
the palm and cocoa-nut trees, like
large drops of rain.

The hollow tap of the wood-peck-
er; the clear flute note of the *Pavo*
del monte; the discordant shriek of

the macaw; the shrill *chirr* of the
wild Guinea fowl; and the chattering
of the paroquets, began to be
heard from the wood. The ill-omen-
ed *gallinaso* was sailing and circling
round the hut, and the tall flamingo
was stalking on the shallows of the
lagoon, the haunt of the disgusting
alligator, that lay beneath, divided
from the sea by a narrow mud-bank,
where a group of pelicans, perched
on the wreck of one of our boats,
were pluming themselves before
taking wing. In the east, the deep
blue of the firmament, from which
the lesser stars were fast fading, all
but the "Eye of Morn," was warm-
ing into magnificent purple, and the
amber rays of the yet unrisen sun
were shooting up, streamer-like,
with intervals between, through the

* See "The Quenching of the Torch" in the *Athenæum* for December 15,

parting clouds, as they broke away with a passing shower, that fell like a veil of silver gauze between us and the first primrose-colored streaks of a tropical dawn.

"That's a musket shot," said the Lieutenant. The Indian crept on his belly to the door, dropped his chin on the ground, and placed his open palms behind his ears. The distant wail of a bugle was heard, then three or four dropping shots again, in rapid succession. Mr. Splinter stooped to go forth, but the Indian caught him by the leg, uttering the single word "*Espanoles.*"

On the instant, a young Indian woman, with a shrieking infant in her arms, rushed to the door. There was a blue gunshot wound in her neck, from which two or three large black clotting gouts of blood were trickling. Her long black hair was streaming in coarse braids, and her features were pinched and sharpened, as if in the agony of death. She glanced wildly behind, and gasped out "*Escapa, Oreeque, escapa para mi soi, muerto ya.*" Another shot, and the miserable creature convulsively clasped her child, whose small shrill cry I often fancy I hear to this hour, blending with its mother's death-shriek, and, falling backwards, rolled over the brow of the hill out of sight. The ball had pierced the heart of the parent through the body of her offspring. By this time a party of Spanish soldiers had surrounded the hut, one of whom kneeling before the low door, pointed his musket into it. The Indian, who had seen his wife and child thus cruelly shot down before his face, now fired his rifle, and the man fell dead. "*Siga mi Querida Bondia—maltido.*" Then springing to his feet, and stretching himself to his full height, with his arms extended towards heaven, while a strong shiver shook him like an ague fit, he yelled forth the last words he ever uttered, "*Venga la suerte, ya soi listo,*" and resumed his squatting position on the ground.

Half a dozen musket balls were now fired at random through the wattles, while the Lieutenant, who spoke Spanish well, sung out lustily, that we were English officers who had been shipwrecked. "*Mentira,*" growled the officer of the party, "*Piratas son ustedes.*" "Pirates leagued with Indian braves; fire the hut, soldiers, and burn the scoundrels!" There was no time to be lost; Mr. Splinter made a vigorous attempt to get out, in which I seconded him, with all the strength that remained to me, but they beat us back again with the butts of their muskets.

"Where are your commissions, your uniforms, if you be British officers?"—"We had neither, and our fate appeared inevitable.

The doorway was filled with brushwood, fire was set to the hut, and we heard the crackling of the palm thatch, while thick stifling wreaths of white smoke burst in upon us through the roof.

"Lend a hand, Tom, now or never, and kick up the dark man there," but he sat still as a statue. We laid our shoulders to the end wall, and heaved at it with all our might; when we were nearly at the last gasp it gave way, and we rushed headlong into the middle of the party, followed by Sneezer with his shaggy coat, that was full of clots of tar blazing like a torch. He unceremoniously seized "*par le queue,*" the soldier who had throttled me, setting fire to the skirts of his coat, and blowing up his cartouch box. I believe, under Providence, that the ludicrousness of this attack saved us from being bayoneted on the spot. It gave time for Mr. Splinter to recover his breath, when, being a powerful man, he shook off the two soldiers who had seized him, and dashed into the burning hut again. I thought he was mad, especially when I saw him return with his clothes and hair on fire, dragging out the body of the captain. He unfolded the sail it was wrapped in, and pointing to

the remains of the naval uniform in which the mutilated and putrifying corpse was dressed, he said sternly to the officer,—“We are in your power, and you may murder us if you will; but *that* was my captain four days ago, and you see, *he* at least was a British officer—satisfy yourself.” The person he addressed, a handsome young Spaniard, with a clear olive complexion, oval face, small brown mustachios, and large black eyes, shuddered at the horrible spectacle, but did as he was requested.

When he saw the crown and anchor, and his Majesty’s cipher on the appointments of the dead officer, he became convinced of our quality, and changed his tone—“*Es verdad, son de la marina Inglesa;*” “But, gentlemen, were there not three persons in the hut?” There were indeed—the flames had consumed the dry roof and walls with incredible rapidity, and by this time they had fallen in, but Oreeque was no where to be seen. I thought I saw something move in the midst of the fire, but it might have been fancy. Again the white ashes heaved, and a half-consumed hand and arm were thrust through the smouldering mass, then a human head, with the scalp burnt from the skull, and the flesh from the chaps and cheek-bones; the trunk next appeared, the bleeding ribs laid bare, and the miserable Indian, with his limbs like scorched rafters, stood upright before us, like a demon in the midst of the fire. He made no attempt to escape, but reeling to and fro like a drunken man, fell headlong, raising clouds of smoke and a shower of sparks in his fall. Alas! poor Oreeque, the newly risen sun was now shining on your ashes, and on the dead bodies of the ill-starred Bondia and her child, whose bones, ere his setting, the birds of the air, and beasts of the forest, will leave as white and fleshless as your own. The officer, who belonged to the army investing Carthage, now treated us with great civility; he

heard our story, and desired his men to assist us in burying the remains of our late commander.

We remained all day on the same part of the coast, but towards evening the party fell back on the outpost to which they belonged. After traveling an hour or so we emerged from a dry river course, in which the night had overtaken us, and came suddenly on a small plateau, where the post was established on the promontory of “*Punto Canoa.*” There may be braver soldiers at a charge, but none more picturesque in a bivouac than the Spanish. A gigantic wild cotton-tree, to which our largest English oaks were but as dwarfs, rose on one side, and overshadowed the whole level space. The bright beams of the full moon glanced among the topmost leaves, and tipped the higher branches with silver, contrasting strangely with the scene below, where a large watch-fire cast a strong red glare on the surrounding objects, throwing up dense volumes of smoke, which eddied in dun wreaths amongst the foliage, and hung in the still night air like a canopy, leaving the space beneath comparatively clear.

A temporary guard-house, with a rude verandah of bamboos and palm leaves, had been built between two of the immense spurs of the mighty tree, that shot out many yards from the parent stem like wooden buttresses, whilst overhead there was a sort of stage made of planks laid across the lower boughs, supporting a quantity of provisions covered with tarpaulins. The sentries in the back ground with their glancing arms, were seen pacing on their watch; some of the guard were asleep on wooden benches, and on the platform amongst the branches, where a little baboon-looking old man, in the dress of a drummer, had perched himself, and sat playing a Biscayan air on a sort of bagpipe; others were gathered round the fire cooking their food, or cleaning their arms.

It shone brightly on the long line

of Spanish transports that were moored below, *stem on* to the beach, and on the white sails of the armed craft that were still hovering under weigh in the offing, which, as the night wore on, stole in, one after another, like phantoms of the ocean, and letting go their anchors with a splash, and a hollow rattle of the cable, remained still and silent as the rest.

Farther off, it fell in a crimson stream on the surface of the sheltered bay, struggling with the light of the gentle moon, and tinging with blood the small waves that twinkled in her silver wake, across which a guard boat would now and then glide, like a fairy thing, the arms of the men flashing back the red light.

Beyond the influence of the hot smoky glare, the glorious planet reassumed her sway in the midst of her attendant stars, and the relieved eye wandered forth into the lovely night, where the noiseless sheet lightning was glancing, and ever and anon lighting up for an instant

some fantastic shape in the fleecy clouds, like prodigies forerunning the destruction of the stronghold over which they impended; while beneath, the lofty ridge of the convent-crowned Poppa, the citadel of San Felipé bristling with cannon, the white batteries and many towers of the faded city of Carthage, and the Spanish blockading squadron at anchor before it, slept in the moonlight.

We were civilly received by the captain, who apologized for the discomfort under which we must pass the night. He gave us the best he had, and that was bad enough, both of food and wine, before showing us into the hut, where we found a rough deal coffin lying on the very bench that was to be our bed. This he ordered away with all the coolness in the world. "It was *only* one of his people who had died that morning of *vomito*, or yellow fever." "Comfortable country this," quoth Splinter, "and a pleasant morning we have had of it, Tom!"

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"Of such a man his country may be proud." This is an old-fashioned eulogy; not perhaps the worse for that; and yet it suits Hogg as exactly as if it had been invented expressly on his account. Of such a man his country may be proud. We respect and we admire him. We respect the energy that has made its own way,—the industry that has done the best with materials within its power. We admire the genius which has added to our literature so much of its better part—simple, touching, and beautiful poetry. Hogg has just translated the fine old airs of his country into words. A strong feeling has gone straight from his heart to his song; and nothing can be more real than his sorrow, unless it be his mirth. He is the poet of actual emotions. To use a simile—fit fashion of reviewing poetry—he is like one of

his own mountain rivulets gushing forth in music and sunshine, melody and merriment—tender, yet joyous. Moreover, there is a quaint sturdiness about him, which is something between the independent man and the spoilt child. The running commentary on his own songs is one of the most amusing and original things we remember to have read. We shall quote a few of these prefaces.

"'Donald M'Donald.'—I place this song the first, not on account of any intrinsic merit that it possesses—for there it ranks rather low—but merely because it was my first song, and exceedingly popular when it first appeared. I wrote it when a barefooted lad herding lambs on the Blackhouse Heights, in utter indignation at the threatened invasion from France. But after it had run through the three kingdoms, like fire set to heather, for ten or twelve

years, no one ever knew or inquired who was the author."

He hears in a theatre a singer substitute a last verse of his own for the original one.

"It took exceedingly well, and was three times encored; and there was I sitting in the gallery, applauding as much as anybody. My vanity prompted me to tell a jolly Yorkshire manufacturer that night, that I was the author of the song. He laughed excessively at my assumption, and told the landlady that he took me for a half-crazed Scots pedlar. Another anecdote concerning this song I may mention; and I do it with no little pride, as it is a proof of the popularity of Donald McDonald among a class, to inspire whom with devotion to the cause of their country was at the time a matter of no little consequence. Happening upon one occasion to be in a wood in Dumfries-shire, through which wood the high-road passed, I heard a voice singing; and a turn of the road soon brought in sight a soldier, who seemed to be either traveling home upon furlough, or returning to his regiment. When the singer approached nearer, I distinguished the notes of my own song of Donald McDonald. As the lad proceeded with his song, he got more and more into the spirit of the thing, and on coming to the end,

"An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,
The kilt, an' the feather, an' a'!"

in the height of his enthusiasm, he hoisted his cap on the end of his staff, and danced it about triumphantly. I stood ensconced behind a tree, and heard and saw all without being observed."

The "Skylark" he calls "a little pastoral song, worth half-a-dozen of the foregoing;" we agree with him, and present it to the reader, that he may also judge of its merits.

The Skylark.

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—

O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!"

"The Broom sae green" is my greatest favorite at present,—probably because the air is my own, as well as the verses; for I find I have a particular facility in approving of such things."

The next is very characteristic:—

"The Women Fol'k."—The air of this song is my own. It was first set to music by Heather, and most beautifully set too. It was afterwards set by Dewar, whether with the same accompaniments or not, I have forgot. It is my own favorite humorous song, when forced to sing by ladies against my will, which too frequently happens; and, notwithstanding my wood-notes wild, it will never be sung by any so well again."

We think the Shepherd's resentment burns in the wrong quarter in the following note:

"The Maid of the Sea" is one of the many songs which Moore caused me to cancel, for nothing that I know of, but because they ran counter to his. It is quite natural and reasonable that an author should claim a copyright of a sentiment; but it never struck me that it could be so exclusively his, as that another had not a right to contradict it. This, however, seems to be the case in the London law; for true it is that my songs were canceled, and the public may now judge on what grounds, by comparing them with Mr. Moore's. I have neither forgot nor forgiven it; and I have a great mind to force

him to cancel *Lalla Rookh* for stealing it wholly from the *Queen's Wake*, which is so apparent in the plan, that every London judge will give it in my favor, although he ventured only on the character of one accomplished bard, and I on seventeen. He had better have let my few trivial songs alone."

We apprehend Mr. Moore had nothing to do with it; the question was one of musical copyright.

Like most poets, he has a fair hit at the *Edinburgh Review*.

"Donald McGillavry" was originally published in the *Jacobite Relics*, without any notice of its being an original composition; an omission which entrapped the *Edinburgh Review* into a high but unintentional compliment to the author. After reviewing the *Relics* in a style of most determined animosity, and protesting, over and over again, that I was devoid of all taste and discrimination, the tirade concluded in these terms: 'That we may not close this article without a specimen of the good songs which the book contains, we shall select the one which, for sly, characteristic Scotch humor, seems to us the best, though we doubt if any of our English readers will relish it.' The opportunity of retaliating upon the reviewer's want of sagacity was too tempting to be lost; and the authorship of the song was immediately avowed in a letter to the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. 'After all,' said this avowal, 'between ourselves, Donald McGillavry, which he has selected as the best specimen of the true old Jacobite song, and as remarkably above its fellows for 'sly, characteristic Scotch humor,' is no other than a trifle of my own, which I put in to fill up a page!' I cannot help remarking here, that the *Edinburgh Review* seems to be at fault in a melancholy manner, whenever it comes to speak of Scottish songs. My friend Mr. William Laidlaw's song, of *Lucy's Flitting*, appeared first in the *Forest Minstrel*,

and immediately became popular throughout Scotland. It was inserted in every future selection of Scottish songs, and of course found a place in Allan Cunningham's collection. Here it is to be supposed the *Edinburgh Reviewer* saw and heard of it for the first time; and, with some words of praise, he most condescendingly introduced it to public notice, after it had been sung and appreciated from the cottage to the palace, for a space of nearly twenty years. This reminds me of an old gentleman, who, as he said, 'always liked to have people known to each other;' so one day he made a party, for the purpose of introducing two cousins, who had been brought up under the same roof. The company took the matter with gravity, and the joke passed off very well at the old gentleman's expense."

The next notes are very amusing.

"'O'er the Ocean bounding,' is another of the proscription list; but here, let them turn the blue bonnet wha can. Our forefathers had *cried down* songs, which all men and women were strictly prohibited from singing, such as 'O'er Boggie,' and 'The wee Cock Chicken,' &c., because Auld Nick was a proficient at playing them on the pipes. The London people have done the same with a number of mine; but I hereby cry them up again, and request every good singer in Britain and Ireland, and the East Indies, to sing the following song with full berr to the sweet air, 'Maid of the valley.'"

"'Mary, canst thou leave me?' is finely set by Bishop to a melody of my own. I cannot aver that it is thoroughly my own; but if it is not, I know not where I heard it. But it is of no avail; since I think it is mine, it is equally the same as if it were so."

"'O, weel befa' the maiden gay.' This song was written at Ellery, Mr. Wilson's seat in Westmoreland, where a number of my very

best things were written. There was a system of competition went on there, the most delightful that I ever engaged in. Mr. Wilson and I had a Queen's Wake every wet day—a fair set-to who should write the best poem between breakfast and dinner; and if I am any judge, these friendly competitions produced several of our best poems, if not the best ever written on the same subjects before. Mr. Wilson, as well as Southey and Wordsworth, had all of them a way of singing out their poetry in a loud sonorous key, which was very impressive, but very ludicrous. Wilson at that period composed all his poetry, by going over it in that sounding strain; and in our daily competitions, although our rooms were not immediately adjoining, I always overheard what progress he was making. When he came upon any grand idea, he opened upon it full swell, with all the energy of a fine fox-hound on a hot trail. If I heard many of these vehement aspirations, they weakened my hands and discouraged my heart, and I often said to myself, 'Gudfaith, it's a' ower wi' me for this day!' When we went over the poems together in the evening, I was always anxious to learn what parts of the poem had excited the sublime breathings which I had heard at a distance, but he never could tell me. There was another symptom. When we met at dinner-time, if Mr. Wilson had not been successful in pleasing himself, he was desperate sulky for a while, though he never once missed brightening up, and making the most of the subject. I never saw better sport than we had in comparing these poems. How manfully each stood out for the merits of his own! But Mrs. Wilson generally leaned to my side, nominally at least. I wrote the 'Ode to Superstition' there, which, to give Mr. Wilson justice, he approved of

most unequivocally. He wrote 'The Ship of the Desert' against it—a thing of far greater splendor, but exceedingly extravagant."

"'I'll no wake wi' Annie.' I composed this pastoral ballad, as well as the air to which it is sung, whilst sailing one lovely day on St. Mary's Loch; a pastime in which, above all others, I delighted, and of which I am now most shamefully deprived. Lord Napier never did so cruel a thing, not even on the high seas, as the interdicting of me from sailing on that beloved lake, which if I have not rendered classical, has not been my blame. But the credit will be his own,—that is some comfort."

"'The Moon was a-waning' is one of the songs of my youth, written long ere I threw aside the shepherd's plaid, and took farewell of my trusty colley, for the bard's perilous and thankless occupation. I was a poor shepherd half a century ago, and I have never got farther to this day; but my friends would be far from regretting this, if they knew the joy of spirit that has been mine. This was the first song of mine I ever heard sung at the piano, and my feelings of exultation are not to be conceived by men of sordid dispositions. I had often heard my strains chanted from the ewe-bught and the milking-green, with delight; but I now found that I had got a step higher, and thenceforward resolved to cling to my harp, with a fondness which no obloquy should diminish,—and I have kept the resolution."

If ever novels showed "man as he is," these entertaining snatches speak Hogg himself.

We think the present volume will greatly raise the poet in the estimation of the public, who are too apt to mistake him for a *Noctesian* roisterer, and, though an imaginative, a sometimes coarse prose writer.

THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

In this matter-of-fact age of the world, when the Schoolmaster is abroad and useful knowledge is diffused, and the public yearns only for facts and science, it is pleasant, and we own we think not unuseful to the mind, to turn aside occasionally from the practical proceedings of life, with its dull round of daily business, to wander in the wild wood, or dwell for a season in the fairy-land of fiction and the enchanted regions of tradition and romance. It has been remarked, perhaps a thousand times, but it is not the less true for being trite, that with all the march of intellect and the advanced progress of knowledge, we often look back with a feeling of undefinable regret to the memory of those shadowy superstitions, which in the days of our innocent and blissful ignorance warmed our imagination and touched our heart. The actual results and philosophical demonstrations of science case our mind, to be sure, with a clear, cold canopy, like the ice of winter crusting the surface of a limpid lake; but we cannot help sometimes reflecting with a sigh on the times when fancy was allowed to people the busy brain with unsubstantial visions that varied with brighter hues the monotony of life, like a breeze stealing over the lake aforesaid in spring-time, rippling its tranquil surface, and causing it to—

“Break into dimples, and laugh in the sun.”

We confess we think that the prevailing tendency of the present time is to regard too much the storing up of physical facts, and cultivating the reasoning faculties, to the exclusion of the powers of feeling and imagination. If there be truth in Spurzheim—and the man is, at least, an able physiologist—the portion of the human brain allotted to the functions of the feelings is far greater than that assigned to the operations of those faculties which are usually considered more strictly

intellectual; and it is an obvious practical conclusion, from which the Doctor does not shrink, that a larger supply of mental food, and a greater degree of attentive cultivation, are due to the former than to the latter—that, to use the popular language, it is much more important to educate the heart than the head—to form the disposition than to instruct the mind.

Though the era of imaginative darkness has passed away, and “the elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,” no longer people the paths of even country life, but “are melted into air, into thin air,” it does seem somewhat strange, and somewhat, too, to be regretted, that in this wondrous spread of enlightenment, by which we have learned to be so much wiser and sadder men than our fathers, matter seems rather to be gaining the vantage-ground over spirit. The stones and clay, the dust and ashes of the physical world, are explored and explained with far more willing readiness, more curious scrutiny, than the diviner essence which animates the inner man, or which rules and regulates external nature. Men live in cities, cooped up from year to year in brick and mortar, and rarely looking on the gladsome face of the green earth or the bright sky; or, “sitting under the blossom that hangs on the tree,” they catch no inspiration from the free air, and the fresh stream, and the mountain steep, which taught the untutored Indian to “see God in clouds, and hear him in the wind,” and which ought to bring home to Christian bosoms a livelier sense of the perpetual presence of the Being who pervades all space, in whom we live, and move, and have our being. We own, we turn from the materialized speculations of civilized philosophers; to habits of mental spiritualization, even in a savage, with elevation and gladness of heart, and

feel disposed to regard almost with favor and affection the glimmering faith of the Indian, which quickens all the grand, and glorious, and beautiful appearances of the visible universe with the vitality of the Great Spirit which pervades it, while the sublime imagery of nature in which he clothes these lofty thoughts, renders his language, like himself, noble, and bold, and free.

It is strange, too, and very pitiful, to think of a mighty race of warriors, who, as it were but yesterday, owned half a world, which they had possessed undisturbed for ages, hunted by their fellow-men down to the grave, and their memorial perished with them. We may call them red-skins and savages, and dwell upon their atrocious acts of infernal ferocity as we will, but still it must be remembered that the pale-faces found them a free and happy people,—

"Roaming at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps! Regions consecrate
To olden time."

And they made them, by that oppression which drives wise men, as well as simple savages, mad, those fierce and unrelenting demons whom the blood of infants and women could not satiate, and to whom death was as dust in the balance compared with the pleasure and the glory of revenge.

With the desolating incursions of the native North Americans upon the peaceful settlements of the Whites in later times, history has long since made us familiar, in all their horrible and revolting details; but for much that is deeply interesting, and well calculated by skilful and graphic delineation to make us more intimately acquainted with the character and habits of the Red Indians, as well as to convey a vivid image of the dangers and privations encountered by our ancestors in reducing the country to its present state of security and plenty, we are indebted to the good taste, judgment, and industry, which have

recently been exerted by several talented American writers.

It is pleasant, too, we had almost said ennobling, to trace the progress of those hardy English settlers who first went forth to seek in the wilderness that rest for their souls which they despaired of finding at home. The magnitude of their enterprise, the terrific obstacles they encountered and overcame, and their familiarity with mighty Nature in her awful forms, in those lonely solitudes in which they dwelt, doubtless contributed in no slight degree to heighten the solemnity and moral grandeur which seems to have naturally belonged to their grave and thoughtful characters. Forsaking home, and all that men cling to fastest and most fondly, in order to enjoy the privilege of worshipping God according to the conviction of their own consciences, they never for a moment forgot, even in the minutest occurrences of daily life, that they were—

"Dwelling in their great taskmaster's eye,"

and they lived as men whose heart and treasure were in a better and a more abiding dwelling-place. It is well observed by the annalist of the first settlements in Massachusetts, that in the quiet possession of the blessings these first religious pilgrims have transmitted, their descendants are perhaps in danger of forgetting or undervaluing the sufferings by which they were obtained—of forgetting how these men lived and what they endured. When they came to the wilderness, they said truly, though quaintly, that they turned their backs on Egypt; they did virtually renounce all dependence on earthly supports; they left the land of their birth, of their homes, of their fathers' graves; they sacrificed ease, and honors, and preferment, and all the delights of sense—and for what? To open for themselves an earthly paradise?—to dress their bowers of pleasure, and rejoice with their wives, their little ones, and their cattle? No:

they came not for themselves, they lived not to themselves. An exiled and suffering people, they came forth in the dignity of servants of the Lord, to open the forests to the sunbeam and to the light of the Sun of Righteousness; to restore man to civil and religious liberty and equal rights; to bring down the hills and make smooth the rough places, and prepare in the desert a highway for the Lord. What was their reward? Fortune, distinctions, the sweet charities of home?—No: but their feet were planted on the mount of vision, and they saw with sublime joy a multitude of people where the solitary savage roamed the desert. The forest vanished, and pleasant villages and busy cities appeared; the tangled footpath expanded to the thronged highway; the consecrated church they beheld planted on the rock of idol sacrifice!

That their descendants might realise this vision, might enter into this promised land of faith, they endured hardships and braved death; deeming, as said one of their company, that "he is not worthy to live at all who, for fear of danger or of death, shunneth his country's service or his own honor—since death is inevitable, but the fame of virtue immortal."

Their "plain-living and high-thinking," their toil and carefulness, so curiously mingled with humble reliance on the wisdom and complete submission to the will of Providence, contrast most forcibly and favorably with the luxurious habits, the insatiate thirst for wealth, and the disregard of everything that does not contribute to "creature-comforts," which characterise our degenerate age. It does one good to be reminded, too, so powerfully and effectually as is ever done by a detailed practical example, of the simplicity of man's real wants when he has learned to be satisfied with "what Nature craves and will not be denied;" and how independent human happiness is of riches, and

the enjoyment of artificial tastes, when health and hardihood, and a clear conscience, sweeten the mingled cup of life. The high-minded and enlightened Englishmen who first conceived the idea of establishing settlements in North America, steadily persevered until they had overcome the disheartening difficulties they had to conquer; they carried with them the vigor and intelligence of their parent state, and gradually gained dominion over a territory as boundless in extent as stupendous in the grandeur of its natural features.

It has been alleged with great bitterness, and perhaps not altogether without reason, by our critical brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, that the tone of criticism adopted towards all productions of American literature by British reviewers is captiously and abusively severe, more indicative of the spiteful spirit of a step-mother than of the kindly feelings of a natural parent, anxious to foster the infant efforts of her offspring. In such a spirit as that complained of, we certainly do not participate. We hail with delight every advance in knowledge and intellectual improvement made by a people who are destined to spread our name, our institutions, our thoughts, our principles and feelings, with "our land's language," over a youthful world, where they will live, and prove the quickening source of thought, and sympathy, and joy, to millions upon millions of human beings, with like hearts and passions and weaknesses to ourselves, when it may be that chance and change shall have consigned our little "island home" to other masters, speaking a different tongue. It is curious that the most important English dictionary, with the most profound and accurate investigation of the origin and principles of our native language, published in the present day, should be the production of an American; and not less curious, or to us, who are genuine lovers of science and the

general diffusion of useful knowledge, less gratifying, that of the two English translations and commentaries upon the profoundest mathematical work of the nineteenth

century—we mean *La Place's "Mécanique Celeste"*—one should be from the pen of a Transatlantic professor, the other from that of a tutor of the Irish University.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

It is only in compliance with the established forms of biographical notices that we commence the few particulars we have to give of this distinguished Frenchman, by stating that he inherited, on the female side, illustrious blood, and was descended on the male from a noble line of military characters, amongst whom are the names of a Coligni, and a Constant de Rebecque, who saved the life of Henri Quatre at the battle of Coutras. The biographer of Benjamin Constant may well be excused for passing hastily over the subject of his family, since he avoided himself anything like reference to his origin, and relied entirely on his talents and public conduct for obtaining the estimation of his country. On one occasion, however, when a political opponent in the Chamber of Deputies threw out a doubt as to his qualifications as a Frenchman, Constant was obliged to produce evidence of his parentage, and from that time forward he was treated with increased deference by the aristocrats of the "*côté droit*." The memory of this eminent statesman, orator, and patriot, will be immortal. His attachment to freedom was ardent and sincere. That noble object was always his; and neither the seductions of power or of fortune, nor the perils he had to encounter in its defence, ever induced him to relinquish it. His whole life was a struggle against all the principles and interests that are adverse to the people. Writer, deputy, citizen, he attacked, during thirty years, despotism in every shape, and did more than any other man in France

to crush it. Constant had all that weakness of human nature which thirsts for occasions of excitement; he sought the gratification of that desire sometimes in the boudoirs, sometimes at the chances of the gaming-table, but never with more ardor than in the tumult of public affairs and the stirring events of political life. The storms of the tribune had peculiar charms for him, and he loved the animating excitement of parliamentary contests. Never was orator more ingenious; never was a keener or more resistless logic displayed in the senate. He seemed to sport with the difficulties of style and thought; he understood what Bacon calls "*the sledge and the weight of words*;" his speeches, therefore, always commanded attention, and elicited from his enemies a reluctant admiration. No man ever labored more indefatigably. The extent of his works, if they were collected, would be prodigious. It is said, that during the debates of the Chambers, he was often engaged in writing on the most abstruse subjects; and that in this way he composed much of his valuable work upon religion.* But he possessed the rare faculty of rapidly transferring the energies of his mind from one object to another; and would frequently emerge from the abstraction of the writer, and take an able and effective part in the discussion. In society, the conversation of Constant was original and striking; in general ironical; seldom serious. It was remarked, that, though sedate even to sternness in public business, and grave and studious in the closet, it

* It appears that he was barely enabled to complete this work before his death. It is stated to be a most interesting and important production.

was difficult to engage him in serious conversation. He retained not only in manhood, but in age, a fondness for the sports of boyhood. It is scarcely ten years since, at the villa of Baron Davillers, he followed the leadership of some young lads in leaping to the bottom of a sand-pit, and fractured his thigh. He had a tedious confinement, and a great deal of suffering, which he bore with cheerfulness and resignation. The intimacy which subsisted between Constant and Madame de Staël is well known. That celebrated lady had an unbounded friendship for him. He has left a disconsolate widow, but no children. The maiden name of Madame Constant was Hardenburg; she was first married to General Dutertre, from whom she was divorced; and M. Dutertre was several years colleague or co-deputy of M. Constant. The latter lived with his lady on terms of the warmest attachment. Their establishment, suited to their small and even contracted fortune, was of the plainest description: they occupied a "troisième étage;" Constant was used to write in a small closet, his amiable wife at his side, and on his knee his favorite cat, an animal for which, in common with Chateaubriand, he entertained an affection. Constant was tall; his hair fair; his features mild and interesting; his gait careless: only two years ago he had a certain air of youth, particularly when in the tribune. His two last years were painful; he became daily more attenuated, and his body exhibited the symptoms of a rapid decay. Several times he was observed in the Chamber to be overcome with sleep, and twice he fainted. We regret to add, that mental vexations clouded his latter days. After the mighty event of last summer, he was appointed Vice-President of the Council of State. The superior place was filled by his friend and pupil the Duke de Broglie, and this circumstance induced Constant to acquiesce easily in the arrangement; but when M. Merilhon suc-

ceeded the Duke, the case was altered, and Constant refused to hold office under that Minister—a refusal not to be wondered at, when it is considered that the latter was scarcely known in politics, while the former was a veteran statesman of the most brilliant reputation. All the arts of persuasion were tried, but Constant was high-minded and proud, and notwithstanding the embarrassing mediocrity of his private income, he remained firm in his resolution not to take place. It has been said, we know not with what truth, that he accused himself, in common with his political friends, of having been wanting to his country in the transactions which followed the "three days;" and that the feeling that measures sufficiently energetic had not been adopted by the popular party, when everything was in their hands, preyed upon his spirits, and accelerated the dissolution of his already shattered frame.

We have given but a few traits of an eventful and interesting life. His country, letters, civilization, and humanity, will mourn the death of Benjamin Constant. France laments him, as the best and greatest, or amongst the best and greatest, of her citizens. Europe laments him as a man whose great principles of freedom and philanthropy were not confined by the borders of his country, but embraced, in an exalted and extended patriotism, the interests of every enslaved and afflicted people.

The *Journal des Debats* says—"The Chamber and the French nation will lose in him an orator, an eloquent defender of constitutional principles, a writer who added to a powerful display of sound logic, the ornaments of an enlivened, striking, and original style. It is not six days since his voice was heard in the Legislative Assembly, where the news of his death excites, even now, feelings of the most painful regret, which must be shared by every friend of public liberty, no matter what nation gave him birth."

There is a discrepancy in the

statements given of the age of this illustrious individual; some accounts representing him as having reached his sixty-fifth, others only his fifty-sixth year. He died of a chronic disorder in the stomach. His death was sudden, and, owing to his having accustomed his friends to see him in a lingering state, was rather unexpected. It is several years since he met with a serious accident in descending from the tribune. The fall obliged him to use crutches. The want of exercise, and those unpleasant circumstances which he explained to the Chamber of Deputies a few days before his decease, besides a constant application to political and literary occupations, had greatly injured his health, which was naturally good. An alteration soon manifested itself, but did not diminish his exertions; the strength of his mind overcame his bodily infirmities, so that he was one of the most diligent and attentive members of the Chamber. He died in the Protestant faith.

B. Constant had a presentiment of his approaching end. "We have not forgotten," says the *Constitutionnel*, "the last words he uttered in the tribune. 'Permit me,' said he, 'to implore your indulgence, not for my principles, but for the imperfections of a refutation drawn with haste. Naturally weak, and in bad health, I feel a sadness I cannot overcome: this sadness, gentlemen, it is not in my power to explain. I cannot account for it, but have endeavored to surmount these obstacles in the discharge of my

duty, and my intention, at least, is worthy your indulgence.'

"These words marked a most impressive melancholy, and produced in the Chamber and on the public a deep sensation. The unfortunate foreboding is verified. The great citizen, the great *publiciste*, is no more, and his death will be for France and all Europe the subject of mourning. Literature will respect his name, civilization shed tears, the *Academie Française* regret him."

Among the eulogiums which were pronounced at the funeral of M. B. Constant, which took place on the 13th of December, that of Napoleon Czapki, a Polonese patriot, is worthy of particular notice, on account of the extremely critical situation in which Poland is at present placed, as well as the warmth and affection of his remarks. "I, also," he said, "am his fellow-citizen. The most devoted friend to liberty—the eloquent advocate of the rights of every people—M. B. Constant belongs to all mankind. . . . If thy generous voice could still be raised at the tribune, thou wouldst say to France, the cause of Poland is yours; that she never consented to the division of her provinces—an odious political crime, disavowed by the conscience of every nation. Thou wouldst say, that she has never ceased to be a nation. How useful would thy eloquence have been to my country! Thy popular voice would have reminded the Great Nation of the torrents of blood shed on all points of the globe for the French standard."

MR. MOORE'S HOMILY ON HUSBANDS.

Shepherd.—MR. MOORE, in his *Life of Lord Byron*, says—"The truth is, I fear, that rarely, if ever, have men of the higher order of genius shown themselves fitted for the calm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life." Hoots—hoots! Toots—hoots! Hoots—hoots! Toots—hoots!

North.—You are severe, James, but your strictures are just.

Shepherd.—The worst apothegm that ever was kittled in the shape o' a paradox; and then, sir, the expression's as *pauir's* the thoct. The cawm affections—if by them Mr. Muir means a' the great natural affections, and he can mean naething

else—are no the “cement” merely o’ domestic life, but they are its Sowle, its Essence, its Being, Itself! Cement’s a sort o’ lime or slime—

North.—I should not quarrel with the words, James, if their meaning—

Shepherd.—But I do quarrel wi’ the words, sir, and they deserve to hae their noses pou’d for leears. I recollect the passage perfectly weel, and its as easy to rend it intil flinders, as to tear to rags a rotten blanket left by some gypsy on a nyeuck by the roadside. Tak you the byeuck, sir—for you’re amaisht as gude an elecationist as Mr. Knowles himsell. You’re twa natural readers—wi’ a’ your art—therein you’re aboot equal—but in action and gesture, sir, he beats you sair.

North.—“However delightful may be the spectacle of a man of genius, tamed and domesticated in society, taking docilely upon him the yoke of the social ties, and enlightening, without disturbing, the sphere in which he moves, we must, nevertheless, in the midst of our admiration, bear in mind that it is not thus smoothly or amiably immortality has been ever struggled for, or won. The poet thus circumstanced, may be popular, be loved; for the happiness of himself, and those linked with him, he is in the right road—but not for greatness. The marks by which Fame has always separated her great martyrs from the rest of mankind, are not upon him, and the crown cannot be his. He may dazzle, may captivate the circle, and even the times in which he lives, but he is not for hereafter!”

Shepherd.—What infernal folly’s that ye’re taukir’, sir? I wuss ye mayna hae been drinkin’ in the forenoon owre mony o’ thae wicked wee glasses o’ noyau, or sherry-brandy, or ither leecures in confectionary shops, and that’s the effects o’t breakin’ out upon you the noo, sae sune after supper, in a heap

o’ havers, just like a verra rash on the face o’ a patient in the meadsles. Eh?

North.—The words are Mr. Moore’s. My memory, James, is far from being tenacious, yet sentences of extreme absurdity will stick to it—

Shepherd.—Like plaguy burrs to the tails o’ a body’s coat walkin’ through a spring wood, alive wi’ sweet-singing birds, and sweet-smelling flowers, whase balm and beauty’s amaisht a’ forgotten as sune’s he comes out again into the open every-day world, and appear faint and far off, like an unassured dream, while thae confounded realities, the burrs, are stickin’ as if they had been shued on by the tailor, or rather incorporated by the wicked weaver wi’ the verra original wab o’ the claeth, sae that ye canna get rid o’ the inextricable cleggs, without clipping the bit oot wi’ the shears, or ruggin’ them aff angrily wi’ baith haums, as if they were sae mony waur than useless buttons.

North.—An apt and a picturesque illustration. When Mr. Moore speaks of the spectacle of a man of genius “tamed and domesticated in society,” he must have been thinking—

Shepherd.—O’ the lauchin’ hyena.

North.—No, James, not the laughing hyena, for he adds, “taking docilely upon him the yoke of the social ties;” and, I believe, neither the laughing nor the weeping hyena—neither the Democritus nor the Heraclitus of the tribe—has ever been made to submit his shoulders to the yoke—nor, indeed, have I ever heard of any attempt having been made to put him into harness.

Shepherd.—Mr. Muir’s been thinkin’ o’ the Zebra, or the Quagga, sir.

North.—But then, James, he goes on to say forthwith, “and enlightening, without disturbing, the sphere in which he moves.”

Shepherd.—Ay, there Mr. Muir forgets the kind o’ animal he set oot

wi', and whether he was a laughing hyena, as I first surmeessed, or a zebra, or quagga, why, by a slip o' the memory or the imagination, he's transmogrified either intil a star or a watchman, "enlightening, with-
out disturbing, the sphere in which he moves,"—maist probably a star; for a watchman does disturb "the sphere in which he moves," by ever and anon crawin' oot something about the hour—at least folk hae told me that it's about the hour, and the divisions o' the hour, that the unhappy somnambulists are scrauching;—whereas, as to enlightening the sphere which he disturbs, what can you expeck, sir, frae a fawrthin cawnle? It maun be a star, sir, that Mr. Muir means. Tak ma word for't, sir, it's a star.

North.—But, James, Mr. Moore adds, "that it is not thus smoothly or amiably immortality has been ever struggled for or won."

Shepherd.—There again, sir, you see the same sort o' slip o' the memory or the imagination; sae that, no to be severe, the hail sentence is mair like the maunderin' o' an auld wife, sittin' half asleep and half paralectic, and aiblins rather a bit wee fou frae a chance drappie, at the ingle-cheek, lecturin' the weans how to behave theirsells.

North.—I fear, James, the star won't do either. For Mr. Moore inditeth, that "for the happiness of himself [the Poet aforesaid] and those linked with him, he is on the right road," which is not the language men use in speaking of a star, or even a constellation. And in the sentence that follows, he is again a good Christian; but not one of "the great martyrs separated by Fame from the rest of mankind," as may be known from her "marks not being to be found upon him," (he is no witch, James,) and from the want of a crown on his temples. Still, whether a laughing hyena, a zebra, a quagga, a star, or a watchman, he "may dazzle," Mr. Moore tells us, "may captivate the circle, and even the Times in

which he lives, [Mr. Moore himself, I believe, does so,] but he is not for hereafter;" and this, James, is a specimen of fine writing in the philosophy of human life!

Shepherd.—O hoch! hoch! hoch! O hoch! hoch! hoch!

North.—You are not ill, my dear James?

Shepherd.—Just rather a wee quawmish, sir. I can stammach as strange nonsense as maist men; but then there's a peculiar sort o' wersh fuzionless nonsense that's gotten a sweaty sweetishness about it, no unlike the taste o' the puirest imaginable frost-bitten parsnip eaten along wi' yesterday's sowens, to some dregs dribbled oot o' an auld treackle bottle that has been staunnin' a' the season on the window-sole catchin' flees,—that I confess does mak me fin' as gin I was gaun to hock. That sentence is a sample o't.

North.—Besides, James, how can Mr. Moore pretend to lay down an essential distinction between the character of those men of genius, who are born to delight the circle in which they move, and to be at once good authors and good men, delightful poets and admirable husbands, and those who are born to win a crown of immortality as bards, and as Benedicts to go to the devil? According to this creed, Poets born to delight their circles must always be trembling on the brink of marriage misery.

Shepherd.—And mony o' them tumble ower, even according to Mr. Muir's ain theorem. For the difference—if there be ony—can only be a difference o' degree—Sae wha's safe?

North.—Pope, it seems, once said, that to follow poetry, as one ought, "one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone." This was not very reverent in Pope, perhaps a little impious or so—at all events not a little self-conceited; but while it might be permitted to pass without blame, or even notice, among the many clever things so

assiduously set down in Pope's letters, it must be treated otherwise when brought forward formally by a brother bard to corroborate a weak and worthless argument on the nature of genius and virtue, by which he would endeavor to prove that they are hostile and repugnant.

Shepherd.—I aye pity Pop.

North.—In these few words are pointed out, says Mr. Moore, "the sole path that leads genius to greatness. On such terms alone are the high places of fame to be won—nothing less than the sacrifice of the entire man can achieve them!"

Shepherd.—Sae to be a great poet, a man maun forget—bonny feedy forget—mind no in the scriptural sense, for o' that neither Pop nor Muir seem to hae had ony recollection, or aiblins they would hae qualified the observe, or omitted it—father and mother, sisters and brothers, freens and sweethearts, wife and weans, and then, after havin' obleeterated their verra names frae the tablets o' his memory, he is to set down and write a poem worthy an immortal crown! Oh the sinner! the puir, paltry, pitifu', contemptible, weak, worthless, shamefu', sowleless, heartless, unprincipled, and impious atheist o' a sinner, for to pretend, for the length o' time necessar to the mendin' the slit in the neb o' his pen, to forget a' that—and be a—Poet.

North.—James—James—James—be moderate—

Shepherd.—I'll no be moderate, sir. A' sorts o' moderation hae lang been ma abhorrence. I hate the verra word—and, for the year being, I aye dislike the menister that's the Moderator o' the General Assembly.

North.—But be merciful on Mr. Moore, James. Do not extinguish altogether the author of Lalla Rookh.

Shepherd.—I wadna extinguish, sir, the maist minute-cretur in the shape o' a poet, that ever twinkled, like a wee bit tiny inseck in the summer sun. I wad rather put ma

haun' intil the fire, sir, than to claught a single ane o' the creturs in ma neeve, as ane might a butterfly wi' its beautifu' wings expanded, wavering or steadfast in the air or on a flower, and crush his mealy mottledness intil annihilation. Na—na—let the bit variegated ephemeral dance his day—his hour—shining in his ain colors sae multifarious and so bonny blent, as if he had dropped doon alang wi' the laverock frae the rainbow.

North.—What? Thomas Moore!

Shepherd.—I'm no speakin' the noo o' Tammas Muir—except by anither kind o' implication. Sin I wudna harm a hair on the gaudy wings o' an ephemeral, surely I wudna pu' a feather frae them o' ane o' the Immortals.

North.—Beautiful—James.

Shepherd.—Mr. Muir's a true poet, sir. But true poet though he be, he maunna be alloo'd to publish pernicious nonsense in prose, about Poets and Poetry, without gettin't across the knuckles till baith his twa hauns be as numb as lead. Let you and me convict him o' nonsense by the Socratic method. Begin the Sorites, sir.

North.—The Sorites, James! A good Poet must be a good man—a great Poet must be a great man.

Shepherd.—Is the law universal in nature?

North.—It is, and without exception. But sin steals or storms its way into all human hearts—and then farewell to the grander achievements either of genius or virtue.

Shepherd.—A man canna imagine a' the highest and holiest affections o' the heart, without having felt them in the core—can he, sir?

North.—No.

Shepherd.—A man, therefore, maun hae felt a' that man ought to feel, afore he—

North.—Yes.

Shepherd.—Can what?

North.—Can be enrolled among the

"Phœbo digna locuti!"

Shepherd.—But can a man who has aince enjoyed the holiest affections o' natur, in his ain heart, ever cease to cherish them in its inmost recesses?

North.—Never.

Shepherd.—But is it possible to cherish them far apart, and aloof frae their natural objects?

North.—Impossible.

Shepherd.—But can they be cherished, even amang their natural objects, without being brocht into active movement towards them, without cleaving to them, as yo: may see bees cleaving to the flowers as they keep sook, sookin' intil their verra hearts?

North.—They cannot.

Shepherd.—Then Mr. Muir's dished. For colleck a' thae premises, inferences, conclusions, admissions, axioms, propositions, co-

rollaries, maxims, and apothegms intil ae GREAT TRUTH, and in it, beside a thousan' ithers, will be found this ane——

North.—"The sacrifice o' the entire man is the sacrifice o' the entire poet."

Shepherd.—Or, in other words, the man withouten a human heart, humanly warmed by the human affections, may as weel think o' becoming a poet, as a docken a sun-flower. Mr. Muir's dished.

North.—Mr. Moore forgets, that without the practice of virtue, virtue

"Languishes, grows dim, and dies;"

and that, without the indulgence of action, so do the highest and holiest feelings; so that the poet who neglects, disregards, shuns, or violates the duties of life, is forsaken of inspiration, and dies a suicide.

THE BANK OF HAPPINESS.

BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

You say, my friend, throughout the year
Something still seems my heart to cheer,
That, though beneath misfortune's stroke,
More like the willow than the oak,
It oft has been my lot to bend,
Yet, should one cheering beam descend,
Unharm'd again I raise my head,
And round a soothing shadow spread;
That, though in deep retirement placed,
With but few marks of fashion graced,
Content is there—my house looks gay,
And those who call incline to stay!

The source of this, I now confess,
Is a rich treasure I possess;
Say—do you wish to own the prize?
Seems it of value in your eyes?
Behold the plan you must pursue—
Study—and if you please—review!
Whilst still a child, a thought arose,
That Sorrow and Mankind were foes!
And so, her influence to repress,
I oped a Bank of Happiness!

For Happiness?—the thought was strange!
Did any there their draughts exchange?
The plan, no doubt, was new and rare—
Did any place their treasure there?

Yes!—there was treasure—ample store,
Placed by the wealthy and the poor;
The king has sent it from his throne,
The beggar made it more my own;
The dog, the bird, the wandering bee,
The blossoms blushing on the tree,
The sportive lambs, which gaily play'd

The dams reposing 'neath the shade,
The foal that midst the daisies lies,
The sportive dance of summer flies,
The "milky mothers," standing cool
'Mid the o'ershaded crystal pool,
The labbling steeds, turn'd out to graze,
The feather'd choirs' melodious lays,
The jocund sound of harvest horn,
As in is borne the ripen'd corn;
The loaded groups of gleaners gay,
At eve pursuing home their way;
And when frost's influence keen was found,
And snow lay deep and thick around,
The shelter'd homestead snug and warm,
Fill'd with the tenants of the farm;
The sprightly robin's lively note,
Which swell'd in gratitude his throat;
The genial hearth's enlivening blaze,
The oft told tales of ancient days,
The deep discourse of lofty minds,
The thoughts which music's spell unbinds,
Wealth's costly sports, its pleasures gay,
The peasant's rustic holiday,
The placid brow of reverend age,
As bending o'er the sacred page;
The hopes of manhood—its success,
Its plans, its hazards, its address;
The glowing thoughts of early youth,
Its feelings warm, its artless truth;
And childhood's prattle wild and free,
Its guileless sports, its harmless glee—
From all that's good or fair or kind,
All that could bliss or pleasure find—
From all—where aid I could bestow
To those who pain or suffering know,

In the rich treasure seem'd to flow.
Treasure?—yes, treasure most refined,
Joy to the heart—balm to the mind,
That bade the throb of sorrow cease,
And fill'd my soul with hope and peace.

Learn but of everything below
To shun the joy, relieve the woe;

Then shall the simplest scene have power
To give to thee a pleasant hour;
All that thou see'st of good be thine,
For thee Earth's fairest beauties shine;
And to the realms of endless day
Thou this rich treasure may'st convey,
Where all may join, crown'd with success,
In one vast Bank of Happiness.

A TALE OF MARVELS.

WHOEVER professes to love nature for her own sake—for the sake of that surpassing loveliness which, in claiming the full homage of its votary, confers a delight so pure, so unalloyed, as to leave no after-regrets—whoever would seek her in her own sacred haunts of mountain, lake, and valley, must spare no toil, halt not for privation; he must, in a word, devote himself wholly to a pursuit which amply rewards the genuine, unfaltering aspirant. The impression seems to be gaining ground that to effect this asks those means only which nature hath herself provided, namely, a stout untiring pair of legs, as her "greenest spots" not unfrequently bar the approach of a wheel-carriage, and even of a solitary horse. This doctrine, inasmuch as it places the man of little wealth on a footing with the inheritor of broad lands, or broad pieces, may be termed of a leveling kind; but it is at least too harmless to call for any more serious reprobation than a shrug or a frown, from rich and titled tourists, when they are elbowed by their less fortunate, but perhaps not less gifted, brethren—(we speak of taste only)—those who, in their fervor of enthusiasm, laugh over the misadventures which become a subject of serious grievance to their more affluent compatriots.

Our tale accompanies an enthusiast of the poorer class, who, with his portfolio slung at his back by the side of a bag containing a change or two of linen, was traversing a wild and beautiful district of our highly-favored isle. It possessed an additional charm in the eyes of

one who, somewhat fastidious in his tastes, exulted in the absence of those tourists, who, with a sketch-book in one hand and a commonplace book in the other, are perpetually on the watch to appropriate the wonders of animate or inanimate nature. In a word, it was not a show-country, and the comparative loneliness of its silent grandeur, a loneliness unbroken save by the peasantry of the district, or those denizens of the field and forest that harmonize so beautifully with their native scenery, more than atoned to our wanderer for the privations inseparable from a long sojourn where inns—by courtesy so called—are "few and far between." Nature, however, among other excellences, numbers that of conferring on her votaries a keen appetite; which, though awhile postponed, becomes but the mere urgent at last; and such an appetite did our traveller possess at the close of a very fine day, when the gathering shades of evening formed an additional incentive to sharpen his exploratory faculties. Long did he look, and anxiously, through the clear blue ether, for that lovely object to more than one sense, the curling vapor that rises from a wood-fire, an object which at this moment would have seemed the loveliest feature of the landscape. It appeared at last: backed by a mountain half covered with fern, now brightened by autumn into leaves of gold, it rose, as clear and silvery a vapor as ever gladdened the gaze of a foot-sore and hungry pedestrian. A grotesque sign of a sow discoursing music, sweet or otherwise, on the bagpipes,

invited him to enter, and a few minutes installed him in a parlor, which, if its dimensions forbade the equivocal pastime of swinging the hostess's cat, was in its neatness and cleanliness more than a match for apartments of greater pretension. And here our wanderer, albeit he had eschewed a dinner which he had no means of obtaining, ordered that which should be the order of every way-worn pedestrian, dinnerless or not, if he wishes to be truly refreshed after long toil and travel—tea. Whatever adjunct his fancy may suggest or his quarters afford, tea, tea, is the one needful article, that can in no case be dispensed with. "And be so kind, my good lady, as to make it for me," cried the traveller, unslinging his portfolio with somewhat more care than the bag which had dropt unheeded to the floor—"I have too great a respect for your fine country not to wish to secure friends where, if fate so willed, I could be well content to wear out my life."

"Why, then, it must be so," said the landlady, who had been regarding him attentively through her spectacles, "and you are the very gentleman that has been looked for."

"Looked for!" exclaimed the traveller, hastily gulping down his tea and handing the empty cup to the hostess, "has the second sight traveled hither from Scotland, that you know beforehand what guests you are to entertain?"

"I know more by hearing than by sight, Heaven help me!" replied the dame, taking off her glasses with a sigh, and wiping them carefully, "for my eyes will not carry me far now-a-days; but yet I can see that your honor is slow of speech, and you may be right enough at first, for the Squire is an odd man, and there is no telling how you may set your horses."

"Horses, good woman!—why I came a-foot. I have no money to waste on four legs when two will serve;" chinking a purse but slenderly filled as he spoke,

"Yet that may be as full as you could wish," rejoined the persevering landlady, "if you can but please our Squire; for money is but dirt to him, as well it may be, seeing that he is going to throw it away, as I may say, on sticks and stones."

"But I," returned the traveller, smiling, "am neither stick nor stone, hostess."

"You are as close as either," replied the dame, sharply.

"Close, good woman!" repeated the traveller, staring.

"Why, ay," responded the hostess; "and for such a handsome, good-humored looking gentleman as you—"

"Too sweet by half, goody;" pushing the cup towards her; "there now, it runs over!"

"And will you deny that you are going up to that great house?"

"What, that fine old mansion among the trees yonder?—egad, I desire nothing better."

"And that you are not hired, as I may say, to go a stone-picking with the old Squire?—and a queer fancy it is to come into an old gentleman's head! Why I heard him call some of them plum-puddings, and in my poor mind it was a sin and a shame even for so good a man to compare the best of food, as they are when made after my own receipt, with what would break a body's teeth at the first bite!"

"Ah! I begin to comprehend—the Squire then, as you call him, is a geologist, and I—"

"Ay, sure, you are to help him! I know very well what you are come about, though you are so close like."

"Well, well, t'other dish, landlady, and you shall tell me all about it."

"Tell you!—ay, you want to know what sort of folk you are going to live with, and right enough—though your coming in this sort of blind way is not just what was expected; and then to bring so little with you, as if you had determined not to like it, yet it may be

that your trunks are coming by the fly, or (in a softer tone) that you are none so well provided, and if so, why I can always dab out a shirt for you at an hour's notice, and none the wiser but us two, now we are so well acquainted as I may say. 'Squire Chiverton then is main rich—ay, and kind too in his way, but very odd like! At times he seems as if something heavy lay at his heart, yet what it is that can trouble so good a man no one can guess; but certain it is that he is not like other folk, and that, we all think, puts him on such sort of whims, as routing among the old rocks and hills, and taking stones for plum-puddings; but never doing anything that can harm living creature—Harm! why he is the making of us all—he and dear Miss Emma."

"O ho!" cried the traveller, smiling, "there is a fair lady in the case then?"

"Ay indeed is there," replied the hostess; "and such a lady as neither this county nor the next to it—no, nor all England to boot, can match!—she is the fairest, virtuous—"

"Discreetest, best!" continued her guest, laughing—

"Ay, that she is;" rejoined the dame, looking sharply on him; "and yet were I her father I should think twice before I opened my door once to a handsome young fellow, like you, whose looks, for aught I know, may be better than your heart!—and yet why should I say so, Heaven help me, when, if looks may be trusted, you are as good as she! Nay, but that cannot be—yet you seemed so well disposed that, right or wrong, I must caution you to take care of your heart!"

"Spare your cares, goody," cried the traveller, laughing yet louder, "I am cold, as ice, and, though you have penetrated my secret, be assured that not even this lovely Emma shall penetrate my heart."

"This is a most extraordinary

affair," exclaimed the chance-elected geologist, as he discussed the subject with himself the following morning in his little chamber, "yet it has an air of romance infinitely agreeable to my fancy. It seems certain that the destined assistant of those geological researches has either repented of his engagement, or is at least indifferent to its fulfilment. Meanwhile I, who know as little of the study as the strata which it seeks, may at least puzzle a country squire, while I contemplate man as it would seem in one of his most interesting varieties, and woman in her fairest loveliness. It is but to plead dissatisfaction or want of skill, in a few days, when my frolic is gratified, and leave the field open to the real Simon Pure, of whose arrival, should it take place, I shall doubtless have timely notice from my loquacious hostess, or at least to some one better qualified to discharge the duties of the office than an unscientific itinerant like myself. And yet, is there not something dishonorable in thus stealing into a family under false pretences? I must think further of this." While he was thinking, however, the landlady was acting, having in good earnest sent word to the Hall, that the stone-picker, as she termed him, was arrived; while he, not ill-pleased perhaps that the hostess had cut the knot which he was only endeavoring to loose, determined without further hesitation to present himself at Chiverton Hall in the character with which she had so precipitately invested him.

On his way thither these compunctious visitings became yet stronger, but the landlady, in the excess of her officiousness, having followed unasked with his slender stock of valuables, he was ashamed to recede; and to avow the truth was an effort beyond his powers of nerve. His descent from an ancient and respectable family, though an ill-fated father who atoned his errors by an early and violent death

had impoverished its fortunes, rose before him, as if in reproach of his unworthy artifice. "One lapse," said he, mentally, "leads to a thousand others, yet a feigned name is not worse than a fictitious character, and I know not that I can do better (or worse perhaps) than borrow the name of one too good-natured to reproach me with the theft, should it ever become known to him. Poor Marvell! I question whether thy hard fortune might not render such a post desirable, nor could I perhaps make the *amende honorable* more worthily than by endeavoring to instal thee in a birth of which I foresee I shall soon be weary. Strip away the romance, and what remains?—a whimsical old fellow and a pretty simpleton of a daughter!" I can't think what could induce me to fall in with this ridiculous mistake of a yet more ridiculous woman!"

"Why la! now," exclaimed the unconscious object of his reprobation, in the midst of his reverie, "if there is not the Squire himself and Miss Emma too, I declare."

Marvell (so we shall call him for the present) looked up and beheld, not, as he had prefigured, a crack-brained philosopher, and a ruddy-faced country-girl, but a gentleman declining into the vale of life, in whose clear eye and expressive countenance strong intellect shone conspicuous through a tinge of melancholy, deeply marked in every lineament of his fine face; while his companion, beautiful as she was in her first blush of womanhood, owed more to the interest, the eloquence, of her form, than to mere faultlessness of feature or symmetry of shape. To look on such beings was to feel the deep humiliation of presenting himself in his assumed character; but it was too late to retract, and Mr. Chiverton, ascribing his evident embarrassment to diffidence, hastened to re-assure him by those delicate yet pointed attentions which are so grateful to the sensitive feelings of youth and inex-

perience. "Mr. Marvell," he cried, when they were seated in the library, for the lovely vision had vanished as soon as they reached the house, "make no further excuses, I pray you, for your lack of skill in geological research. I embrace the pursuit rather as a refuge from thought than from any deeper interest, and a sensible and sympathizing rather than a scientific companion is what I have long looked for and hope to find in you. There is something in your countenance, young gentleman, which seems to assure me you have a feeling heart. I am a man of many sorrows—the cause of them"—and his light blue eye seemed at the moment excited by strong emotion—"the cause of them must ever remain buried here. In solitude my mind preys as it were on itself. I cannot task my child, good, and kind, and dutiful as she is, to a constant attendance on my gloomy and distempered fancies. I look to you, therefore, as the frequent partner of my walks, the sharer in my avocations, my follies mayhap they may be termed. If I am gloomy you must bear with me, and I think from your eye you will do so; and yet, now I look again, there is something in that eye which, had I seen it earlier—nay, nay, I distrust you not, but yet it hath awakened a pang that only slumbers—alas, it will never die!" He struck his hand violently on his forehead as he spoke, and precipitately quitted the apartment.

If the embarrassment of Marvell was great before this interview, it was now much increased. He felt all the shame and humiliation of his deception on a man of so high a character as Mr. Chiverton, while, added to the difficulty of retreating, he felt a growing interest in the fortunes of his patron, which seemed involuntarily to bind him to the part he had assumed. Shall we say also, that the sight, transient as it was, of Mr. Chiverton's lovely daughter had realized all those poetic dreams of female loveliness

which had often floated across his fancy, as visions never to be verified in an earthly form! Yet love—oh no, he felt secure that the disparity of their fortunes, no less than his long boasted insensibility, was a barrier not to be overpassed. He would look on her as on a beautiful statue that, commanding the most devoted admiration, excludes every warmer sentiment.

Days, weeks, passed on, and the least of Marvell's thoughts or wishes was to leave a spot endeared to him yet more and more by each succeeding hour. Mr. Chiverton's knowledge of geology, though not extensive, was sufficient to detect the deficiencies of his self-constituted assistant, but a benevolent smile was the only consequence of the discovery. He found in Marvell those qualities which he had desired rather than hoped to find in a scientific companion—talent without assumption, learning devoid of pedantry, a well regulated temper, and a heart overflowing with the kindest and best of human sympathies. The old gentleman became attached to him in no common degree, and Marvell, on his part, could not but feel highly grateful to, and deeply interested for, one who seemed to possess every virtue under heaven, save that which virtue fails not to confer—a calm and self-approving conscience. His young friend indeed more than suspected that a mind, sensitive even to a morbid excess which verged on aberration of intellect, ascribed to some long-past error a deeper shade of atonity than it might justly bear. But, to touch on this was to awake a jarring string that vibrated through every nerve, and he was warned, not less by the excitement it produced on his benefactor than its recoiling influence on his own mind, to abstain from the subject altogether.

Meanwhile Emma Chiverton, the frequent companion of their walks, and the devoted admirer of an art in which she possessed little less skill

than Marvell, that of perpetuating by the pencil those beauties of nature by which they were encompassed—Emma, whose harp called forth the accompaniment of Marvell's voice, which not unfrequently blended with her own clear notes—Emma sunk deeply into a heart which, hitherto unsusceptible to mere beauty, yielded to the influence of charms, of virtues, felt rather than studied, and imbibed imperceptibly at moments when danger was forgotten. The discovery had not perhaps been made but for an unexpected invitation to his old quarters at the Sow and Bagpipes, where he beheld, with not less astonishment than dismay, the very identical Marvell whom he had personated, in a towering rage with the presumption of his landlady, who had in good set terms disputed his right and title to his own name. "But here comes Mr. Marvell himself," exclaimed the irate dame, "who will give you your own, with a murrain to you, as becomes him"—lifting up at the moment a huge birch broom, as if to take summary vengeance on the luckless intruder.

"And I desire nothing but my own," retorted the real Simon Pure—"but eh! what!"

"George!"—"Harry!"—escaped from the lips of each at the same instant.

"Why, what part of the play are you acting here, Harry?" cried the true Marvell, bursting into a loud fit of laughter, "but no matter—mum's the word—say only that you wish to remain my double, my better self, and I am off like a shot."

"Nay, then, but I'll be shot before the Squire shall be so bamboozled;" interrupted the incensed landlady: "one or both of you must be at your tricks, that is certain, so I shall e'en up to the Hall and tell all I know!"

"No, no, hostess," returned the false Marvell, "the office must be mine to set this matter right."

"And a difficult office, too, I should guess," said the real Marvell.

"My dear George," continued his friend, "you shall know anon my motive, or rather no-motive, for thus strangely assuming your name and avocation, unconscious however that I was trespassing on your manor. Stay but till I can doff my borrowed plumes and invest you."

"Not I, Harry," exclaimed the other; "since the truth must out, know that I come to resign, not to accept, an office which, desirable enough a month since, were now out of the question for a man of two thousand per annum—nay, never stare, Harry—my great-grand aunt is dead, and has left me all those golden hoards, of which she would not have spared me one piece in her life-time to save me from starving, and which are now not more mine than yours; if, as I fear from this odd step, your means are scant."

"No, no," replied his companion, wringing his hand, "my object, if I had one, was anything rather than gain; and wealth were now more than ever valueless to one whom fortune delights to persecute—wait, my friend, but till I have avowed my disgrace, and expiated my almost involuntary offence by tearing from my heart the sweetest, fondest hope—hope did I say?—no, no, not that—and we will depart together."

The false Marvell returned to the Hall, oppressed by conflicting passions that almost deprived him of utterance, when he found himself once more in the presence of his patron. The news of his deception, however, had traveled thither before him, and the frown that hovered over the brow of the benevolent Chiverton deeply attested his sense of the indignity practised on him. "I ask but one thing, Mr. Marvell, or whatever else you choose to be called," cried he, interrupting the broken vindication of his late adherent—"your motive?—yet why should I ask that which is but too evident?"

"I understand you not, sir," replied his auditor; "the best, the

only motive I can assign is, I fear, but curiosity, or a weak desire not to contradict the self-authorized assumption of my well-intentioned but mistaken landlady."

"This is but trifling with my feelings, sir," replied Chiverton, with a deeper frown; "my daughter, sir,—my Emma, can you deny that you have presumed to lift your thoughts to one—oh, heaven! can I believe that she has forgotten her duty, her principles, so far as to yield her affection—and yet am I not most to blame, who exposed her to a dangerous influence which my own heart withstood not!"

"It cannot be that Emma, that Miss Chiverton I mean, loves me!" exclaimed his companion, gasping for breath.

"I said it not," replied Chiverton, in a tone of grave rebuke; "and, even were it thus, my daughter is too high-minded, too observant of her duty, not to subdue so ill-placed, so unworthy a passion. Oh, heaven, Marvell," he continued, bursting into a flood of tears, "how cruelly have you practised on the credulity of one who loved you, valued you, as the prop and stay of his declining age! I would have pledged my soul for your faith—I believed your heart to be the seat of every virtue—how deeply I am disappointed! I know not what led to this strange deception; if poverty, I will relieve it—you shall not have the plea of necessity for continuing in courses so unbecoming your talents and attainments—but, as you value my peace, my favor, never let me see you more!"

"No, sir," exclaimed his companion in a firmer tone, "that I have erred it were vain to deny, but the force of circumstances, rather than any preconceived idea of deception, led me into a situation which I cannot sufficiently lament. On my soul, I had no thought, no hope, of gaining the affection of Miss Chiverton, whom I had not even seen when I entered your domain! I knew not that I loved her

until this discovery awakened me to the truth, and though I now feel that in quitting her I leave happiness forever, believe me my deepest regret will be that I have occasioned even a moment's uneasiness to those to whom I would die to serve. I have been the victim of misfortune from my birth, and the measure of my woes is now full!"

"I would fain believe you, Marvell," cried Mr. Chiverton, in a milder tone; "Marvell!—alas, I know not what else to call you."

"The name was assumed," replied his auditor, strongly affected by his change of manner, "to conceal that of a family unsullied till now in the person of their descendant. My birth was honorable, though an ill-fated father bequeathed me little save his evil fortunes, and his name of Woodford!"

"Woodford!" exclaimed Chiverton, starting from his chair, almost convulsed by emotion, "not the son of Colonel Woodford, who fell in a duel in Flanders!"

"It was even thus," returned the wondering youth, "that my unhappy father perished—but what means this!—my friend, my benefactor, restrain yourself, or this agitation will be fatal!"

He hastened to sprinkle water on the face of the almost expiring Chiverton, whose daughter, alarmed by the elevation of her parent's voice, suddenly entered the apartment and hung over him in speechless agony. He recovered to behold Woodford chafing his temples, while Emma, with a trembling hand, applied restoratives to revive animation. Looking wildly towards her, "My child," he cried, "you have been ever dutiful—say, will you yield to the dearest wish of a fond, a doting parent, and give your hand to him who stands beside me?"

"My father!" exclaimed Emma, gazing anxiously on him, as though she feared his senses were wandering.

"Woodford, you have owned that

you love her, and I—I think—Emma will you pleasure me?—Woodford, will you take her?"

"Take her!—my friend, my father!" cried Harry, sinking at his feet in a transport of bliss.

He looked on both with an expressive eye and silently joined their hands—Emma, while she stood in speechless astonishment, scarcely resisting her father's wish.

"It must not be!" he exclaimed, separating their hands as suddenly as he united them—"it must not be—the truth, the dreadful truth is yet to be divulged—Woodford speak, would you wed the daughter of him who murdered your father?"

Woodford started to his feet—"I see how it is," cried the old man, wildly, "I see your abhorrence in your looks—oh, Woodford, deeply, deeply have I sinned, and deeply has that sin been avenged by remorse so dire, that for long, long years, existence has been a burden—yet you may pity, though you cannot forgive, and I—I was not wholly guilty, since the challenge was forced on me by those horrid laws of honor to which man yields himself, alas, a willing slave. If there be expiation for such a crime as mine, I would have atoned the fatal deed by a gift the most precious in my power to bestow; yet, though you reject the alliance of one stained with your father's blood, do not withhold pardon from him whose repentance is not less than his sin!"—and the poor old gentleman sunk down on his knees as he spoke.

"My father," cried Woodford, eagerly, attempting to raise him—"my father, if I may indeed call you so, too long have you reproached yourself with an involuntary act. From my angel mother, who in her deprivation did justice to that cruel necessity which raised your hand against her husband's life—from her lips I long since learned this mournful tale, and was taught to think kindly and tenderly of one whose name alone was concealed from me."

"And will you then—will you be my son?"

"Will I, my father?"

"And you, Emma?"

Miss Chiverton, dissolved in tears, answered not, save by a silent motion of the hand, which her parent placed in that of Woodford.

"Heaven bless you, my children!—my sin is absolved—my last wish on earth is accomplished!"

"Harry, Harry, are you ready?" said the true Marvell, breaking into the room, "I can't stay a moment longer with this foolish old woman, who, though it was all her own mistake, insists on it that you are no better than you should be, and I a little matter worse."

"What! mine hostess of the Sow and Bagpipes!" exclaimed the 'Squire, smiling through his tears, "yours shall be no mistake for yourself, since it has led to so happy a conclusion—henceforth, dame, your house is your own—see that a good dinner is provided at my expense for all the neighborhood to-

morrow, and bonfires at night to celebrate the marriage of my daughter and heiress."

"What, with that gentleman!" cried the hostess; "well I always said this was the true man, and that the rogue."

"And I always said," rejoined the true Marvell, "that Harry Woodford would one day be requited for all the past, though I looked not for so bright, so lovely a reward, as this lady, even for my inestimable friend! And now, Harry, I suppose, I may depart alone!"

"Not so, sir," said Mr. Chiverton, smiling, "the name of Marvell is dear to me, even for the sake of a very dear impostor; and as he will now probably have other than geological pursuits, I must even press your friendship into the service of an old whimsical fellow, who is more than ever disposed to find

—tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

A DRESS of green *gros des Indes*, the corsage high behind, with a square falling collar, and crossing in folds before. The upper part of the sleeve is excessively large; it is arranged from the elbow to the wrist in three *bouffants* of different sizes. Two flounces put very close, so that the one falls over upon the other, go round the bottom of the skirt; the upper flounce is headed with a *ruche*. The hair is arranged in two soft and moderately-sized bows on the crown of the head; it is much parted on the forehead, and disposed in full clusters of curls at the sides. The bonnet is of canary yellow *peluche*, trimmed with *nœuds* of ribbon, striped blue, and a new shade of red intermixed with sprigs of myrtle. The scarf is cachemire, brocaded and fringed at the ends.

EVENING DRESS.

A gown of *ponceau* velvet, *corsage à la Séigné*; the back part of the bust is finished by a double fall of white blond lace, which is brought round the arm-hole in front, so as to form epaulettes. *Beét* sleeve, finished *en manchette* with blond lace. A bias band of the same material as the dress, cut in irregular *dents*, goes round the bottom of the skirt, and is surmounted by another, which reaches as high as the knee. Blond lace *chemisette*. The hair is parted on the forehead, and disposed in two plaited bands, arranged something in the style of a coronet on the crown of the head; knots of straw-colored gauze ribbon, lightly striped with black, are inserted in this ornament; one is placed upright, the other on the left side. Gold earrings and brooch, pearl necklace,

THE GATHERER.

"Little things have their value."

Cholera Morbus.—The rapid advance of the cholera morbus, which comes from the extremity of India, and the certain fact, that it always follows the migration of large bodies of men, such as the march of armies and caravans, should warn Western Europe of the near invasion of this dreadful scourge. Two Russian divisions, which have advanced to the frontiers of Poland, come from the governments of Koursk and Cherson, where this epidemic rages. M. Moreau de Jonnés, on the 23d November, read before the Academy of Sciences at Paris a report of considerable interest, respecting this new species of plague. "Will the cold," asks M. Moreau de Jonnés, "extinguish the cholera morbus this year? But has cold done so during the fifteen years it has ravaged Asia? Did it even at Orenbourg, under a latitude more northern than Paris? Besides, we forget too easily the memorable plague which desolated Wallachia and Russia from 1769 to 1771. It was imported into Moscow during the autumn, and continued its fearful career during three very severe winters. Will this scourge reach Poland, Germany, and, at last, France? We dare not dwell on these fearful thoughts: we shudder when we remember that the cholera morbus, engendered in India, has already stretched to the north, far beyond the latitude of Paris and the principal states of Europe—and nothing has stopped its progress." M. Moreau de Jonnés adds also some new facts. Already has this pestilent disease thrice advanced towards Europe by different routes. Imported in the year 1819 from Bengal into the Isles of France and Bourbon, it threatened to arrive on our shores by some of the many ships belonging to France or England. Precaution taken at the Cape of Good Hope prevented this misfortune. In 1821 the communication between Bombay and the ports in the Gulf of Arabia, brought the cholera morbus to Bassora: it ascended the Euphrates, crossed Mesopotamia, and following step by step the commercial communications, it arrived in Syria. There it yielded to the cold during the winter, but re-appeared in the spring with redoubled force, and during three years decimated the population. It spread into most of the cities situated on the Mediterranean. In the spring of 1825 it appeared at Bukara, and continued its ravages towards Moscow, where it penetrated on the 28th of September last. M. Moreau de Jonnés is of opinion that in the provinces of the Russian empire which lie between 45 deg. and 57 deg., the cold of winter will stop the progress of the contagion; but from experience, it is probable that it will re-appear in the spring with all its activity and violence; and he fears its descent into the

milder climates of Europe, where its ravages will be more terrible, as the population is more dense, and communications more rapid and more numerous.

Home.—No marvel that poets have chosen home and the native land, as grateful themes of song. In themselves, the words are full of melody; in their associations they form exquisite music. It is a blessed thing to have a haven of rest where love lights its beacon and keeps its vigils to greet the returning wanderer, weary of a cheerless pilgrimage by flood or field. God help those for whom every country wears a foreign aspect—who avert their steps from the dwelling of their fathers, banished by the clouds of discord, or the rank weeds of desolation!

Chinese Justice.—In order to celebrate weddings in China, they used to fix a day on which all the young men and girls who wished to marry repaired to a place destined for that purpose. The young men gave a statement of their wealth; after which they were divided into three classes—the rich, the middling, and the poor. The girls were also divided into three classes—the fine, the tolerable, and the ugly ones. Then the fine girls were given to the rich young men, who paid for them; the tolerable ones to the second class of young men, who did not pay; and the ugly ones to the poor, who had with them the money paid by the rich.

Area of Europe.—The surface of the different European states in geographic square miles, is as follows:—Russia, 375,174; Austria, 12,153 1-2; France, 10,086; Great Britain, 5,535; Prussia, 5,040; the Netherlands (Belgium) 1,196; Sweden, 7,935 1-2; Norway, 5,798; Denmark, 1,019 3-4; Poland, 2,293; Spain, 8,446; Portugal, 1,722; Two Sicilies, 1,987; Sardinia, 1,363; the Pope's Territory, 811; Tuscany, 395 9-25ths; Switzerland, 696 1-3; European Turkey, 10,000; Bavaria, 1,383; Saxony, 348; Hanover, 695; Wurtemberg, 359; Baden, 276; Hesse Darmstadt, 185; Hesse Cassel, 208.

State of Medicine in Turkey.—Zagori, a district not far from Ioannina, is famous throughout the Levant for its breed of itinerant quacks. The male population consists solely of M. D.'s; Zagoriot and doctor being synonymes; and indeed, the medical profession becomes, in their hands, so lucrative, as entirely to supersede the necessity of any other. An idea of their wealth may be formed from their houses, which are well built, spacious, and the best furnished in Turkey. When at home, they live like gentlemen at large. It may not prove uninteresting to those who wish to ascertain the state of medicine in Turkey,

to hear some particulars relative to the education and qualification requisite to obtain a degree at this singular university. The first thing taught to the young men is the professional language; a dissonant jargon composed purposely to carry on their business, hold consultations, &c. without being understood by any being in existence but themselves. They are then taught reading sufficiently to decipher the pages of their manuscript, containing a selection of deceptive formulae, for all possible diseases incident to human nature. When a candidate has given before the elders proofs of his proficiency in these attainments, they declare him to be *dignus entrare in docto nostro copore*; and he then prepares to leave Zagori. The Zagorioti generally travel about Turkey in small bands, composed of six or eight different individuals, each of whom has a separate part to perform, like strolling players. One is the signor dottore. He never enters a town but mounted on a gaudy-comparisoned horse, dressed in long robes, with a round hat and neckcloth; never opening his mouth but *ex cathedra*, his movements are performed with due professional gravity, and he is at all times attended by his satellites. One is the apothecary; the second the dragoman; for it is the doctor's privilege not to comprehend a syllable of any other language but the Zagoriot; a third is the herald, who, endued with a surprising volubility of tongue, announces through the streets and in the public squares, the arrival of the incomparable doctor; enumerates the wonderful cures he has performed; and entreats the people to avail themselves of this providential opportunity: for, not only does he possess secrets for the cure of actual diseases, but of insuring against their future attacks. He possesses the happy talent too of ingravidating the barron, and leaves it to their choice to have male or female, &c. &c. He is skilled in the performance of operations for the stone, cataracts, hernia, dislocations, &c. Two others, who pass under the denomination of servants, employ their time in going from house to house in quest of patients; and as, from their menial employment, they are thought to be disinterested, credit is more easily given to their word. Thus they journey from town to town, hardly ever remaining more than a fortnight in any place. After a tour of five or six years, they return for a while to their families, and divide in equal shares the gains of their charlatanism. On a second journey, they all change parts, in order to escape detection. The dottore yields his dignity to the servant, and he does the same office he was wont to receive; the dragoman becomes herald, the herald apothecary, &c.

Snakes.—M. Duverney, one of the professors of the Strasburg Academy, lately read to the French Academy a very curious paper on the anatomical distinctions

between venomous and non-venomous snakes; in which he showed that salivary and lachrymal had been frequently mistaken for venomous glands; and that much of the mortal character of venomous snakes depended upon the position of the fangs.

The Sabbath.—Putting a future state wholly out of the question, there is nothing in the social system of more value to the body of the people, than a due observance of this day. Neither body nor mind can bear continual toil, and both require a seventh day of rest to keep them in health and vigor: the abolition of it would considerably reduce the demand for labor, and a vast portion of the working classes would have to labor seven days instead of six for the wages they now receive: to this must be added the loss these classes would sustain, in respect of cleanliness, intercourse with friends, and the means of instruction. Looking beyond its religious objects, the Sabbath may be regarded as a merciful concession to human nature, an invaluable boon to the poor—a divine interposition to give that protection to the health, comforts, and privileges of the mass of mankind, which, perhaps, nothing else could bestow. The workman who establishes the precedent for making it a day of labor, attacks the best temporal interests of himself and his brethren.

Titian.—The anecdote of Charles's having twice picked up this great artist's pencil, and presented it to him, saying, "To wait on Titian was service for an emperor," is well known; but we do not remember to have met with the following: "Titian had painted the portrait of Charles several times, but now being called to the court of that prince, he for the last time painted his portrait, just as it then appeared in the latter part of his life; and this picture also much pleased the renowned emperor. Certain it is, that the very first portrait Titian drew of him so struck him with admiration, that he would never after sit to any other artist; and for every portrait Titian took of him he gave him a thousand crowns in gold. Titian in all painted three portraits of the emperor; and when he last sat to him, at the conclusion of the picture, Charles said with emphasis, 'This is the third time I have triumphed over death.'"

Greek Women.—Their feet and ankles, which, by the by, rather correspond to Grecian than to modern ideas of beauty, are completely hid by the folds of trousers, that are tied like a purse just below the knee. This gives a woman, when walking, completely the appearance of a feathered-paw pigeon. This is the more striking, as Grecian coquettes affect as much as possible to imitate the walk of a bird. "You walk like a goose," "like a duck," however impertinent in the ear of an English belle, are the most flattering compliments that can be whispered in those of a Greek one.

